



POEMS *and* PICTURES

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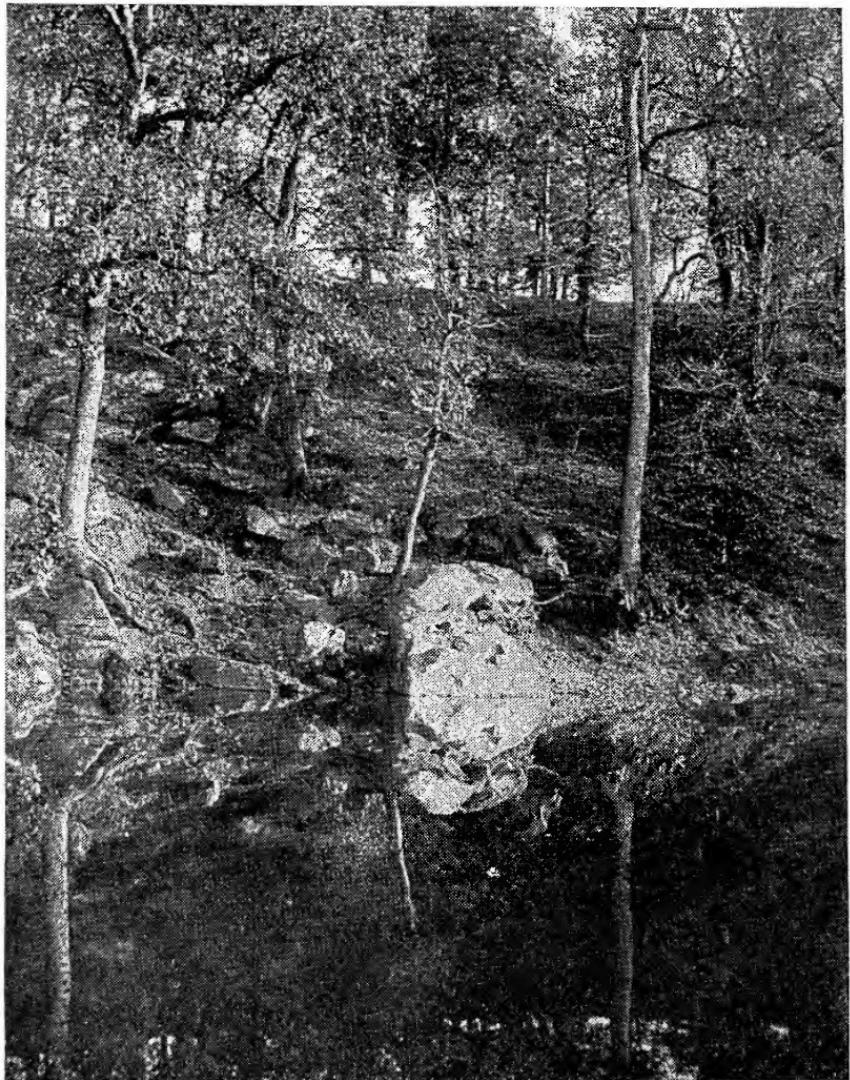
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A WATER PRINT

POEMS *and* PICTURES

BY

CHARLES THOMAS DUVALL



BALTIMORE
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BY WAY OF PREFACE

*O you, who read this printed page,
Seek here no lofty theme or thought;
Its author brings no message sage,
No remedy with wisdom fraught.*

*But just some rhymes, in simple strain,
Light musings with no high intent,
Some idle songs and tales as vain,
With wayside pictures interblent.*

*The fruit of scribbling nights and days,
Of walks in search of camera spoil,
He gathers and before you lays—
A record of his pleasant toil.*

*And though small worth appear therein,
And less of real poetic power,
It still from care your thoughts may win,
Or serve to fill an empty hour.*



The author of this volume has been a scribbler in rhyme for about twenty-five years and a camera "fiend" for probably half that period. The selections herein are representative of his efforts in both capacities. While many of the verses have appeared in the papers, a large portion of them have never been printed. The pictures were chosen from a collection of over three hundred views taken from time to time during twelve years of tramping in all sections of the city and suburbs.



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POEMS AND PICTURES

THE WALKER

Earth's purest joys to him belong

Who loves to walk by lane and road,
Who seeks with eager steps and strong
The paths to Nature's blest abode.

His is the breeze upon the hill,

And his the fragrance of the glade;
He moves to music of the rill,
And fares serene through sun and shade.

A thousand birds make song for him,

A thousand blossoms cheer his sight;
Nor shall the years their beauty dim,
Or dull the zest of his delight.

Each ordered season, in its turn,

Shall weave new spells to charm his sense;
No venturesome journey but shall earn
His toil abundant recompense.

For more than store of worldly goods

He counts the wealth that 'round him lies,

The riches of the fields and woods,
The matchless glory of the skies.

These will a sure possession be,
Whatever changes Time may bring;
A fair estate to hold in fee,
From which content shall ever spring.

THE POET'S PRESCRIPTION

Go, where the gracious Summer weaves
Her lofty canopy of leaves,
And on the greensward's mossy breast
Forget the cares that vex your rest.
Stretch underneath the kindly trees
And bare your forehead to the breeze.
Gaze on the blue vast of the sky,
Where fleets of laden cloud-ships ply,
Or watch the shadows drift across
Green meadows where the daisies toss,
Like foam upon the emerald waves,
Whose swell the woodland's margin laves.
Drink in the fragrant air that blows
From banks where honeysuckle grows.
List to the brook's soft monotone
Till exiled Peace resumes her throne.
Yield your tired being's every sense
To Nature's healing influence;
And wholly cured, you shall depart
With quiet nerves and tranquil heart.
Rejoicing in your blessing still,
Repeat as often as you will,
And like Antæus find new birth
In each touch of your mother earth.

DAYBREAK

At last Night's dusky barrier falls
And Day looks forth, a shape of fire,
Across the city's misty walls
And tips with glory roof and spire.

Wherever brooding gloom remains
He thrusts a spear of crimson light,
And unsuspected domes and vanes
Flash up like jewels on the sight.

Adown the silent lanes of brick
The radiance of his presence streams,
And all the sleeping world grows quick
At touch of his reviving beams.

The varied sounds of toil and strife
That darkness stilled a little space,
Start straightway into noisy life
And with the brightness swell apace.

While slow, serene, he takes his way
Up the blue pathway of the sky;
Haste we and labor as we may,
The golden hour is passing by.

PUZZLING

Whenever I look in memory's glass,
What pictures there may be,
And view the doings of by-gone days,
This one thing puzzles me:
Why the things and scenes I would most recall
Have vanished clear away,
While the times I have made a fool of myself
Are as fresh as yesterday?

BALLADE OF CONQUERING

What though the tide of battle sets
Fairly against us day by day;
What though defeat despair begets
And we grow heartsick o'er the hopeless fray;
Still we as men our parts must play,
Spite of failure and frequent pain,
Still must we the command obey,
“Forward, into the fight again!”

What though sorrow the eyelids wets,
As hopes long cherished we see decay;
What though losses the spirit frets
And the world before us looks bleak and gray;
Yet must we each our task essay,
Yet must we strive with hand and brain—
The gold lies somewhere under the clay,
“Forward, into the fight again!”

What though we fall in the cunning nets
That ever wait for the feet that stray;
What though the past awakes regrets
And thoughts of the future bring dismay;
Others have traveled the weary way
And won the summits for which we strain—
Shall we prove less brave than they?
“Forward, into the fight again!”

ENVOY

Comrades, let us not stop nor stay
Though paths be filled with ghosts of the slain;
Grip we our courage anew and say,
“Forward, into the fight again!”

A SUN WORSHIPPER

This thing I know: Far down the years
Some old progenitor of mine
Told to the sun his hopes and fears
And bowed him at his glowing shrine.

Else why would I of later days,
Who count such heathen worship shame,
Thrill to the day-god's quickening rays
In every fiber of my frame?

When with revivifying beam
He wakes the torpid life of Spring,
I follow far his luring gleam
And with all nature praise and sing.

When to his wooing Summer yields
And decks herself in leafy pride,
I seek the radiance-flooded fields
And lave me in his shining tide.

When Autumn feels his milder fire
And blushes on her hundred hills,
I long to join his migrant choir
Whose parting song the woodland fills.

And when on Winter chill and white
He flashes from the distant skies,
I revel in his cheery light
That warm upon the valley lies.

And this shall be my joy, I trust,
Till light and life alike be past;
Then let the winds disperse my dust
To mingle with his beams at last.

DUSK IN THE PINES

The last bright beams of the departing day
 Bathe the tall pine tops in their dying glow,
 And bar with light the shadowed trunks below,
Where'er the clustered boughs let in a ray;
The plume-like branches in the breezes sway
 And wake a sound as of old ocean's flow,
 The pillared aisles more vague and gloomy grow,
As slow the golden west fades into gray.
The bird-songs falter, and the night's first star
 Sets its pale lamp against the darkening blue;
The winds sink to a murmur faint and far,
 And all the grove with fragrance fills anew;
No boisterous sounds or rude arise to mar
 Earth's peaceful pause between the sun and dew.

A MISTY MORNING

The morning mist lies thick and dank
 Around us everywhere,
And all the world is white and blank
 That spread at sunset fair.

Gone is the meadow's every sign,
 Alike the orchard trees;
E'en the old fence's zigzag line
 One rather knows than sees.

Familiar forms and shapes of green
 Beyond the garden's rim
Loom through the vapor's baffling screen
 Uncertain, strange and dim.

A down the road a phantom team
Plods slowly into sight,
A moment shows as in a dream
And then is hidden quite.

No matin song from hill or dell
Betrays the feathered choir;
Far and subdued a ghostly bell
Chimes from an unseen spire.

Save this there is no sight or sound
About the landscape dun,
But all in drooping silence bound
Awaits the wind and sun.

THE COMING OF THE RAIN

There's a sense of expectation in the air,
And a hum of preparation everywhere,
 And the clamor waxes high,
 And the dusty legions fly
As the heralds of the tempest sweep the square.

The dusky clouds are massing in their might,
And across the heavens passing thick as night,
 And the thunder-cannons boom,
 And the lightning splits the gloom
And bathes the earth in sudden, livid light.

Then the vanguard sends the battle music out,
As the drops begin to rattle all about,
 And the winds their trumpets blow,
 And with lances all a-row,
Down the shining column plunges with a shout.

LATE AUTUMN

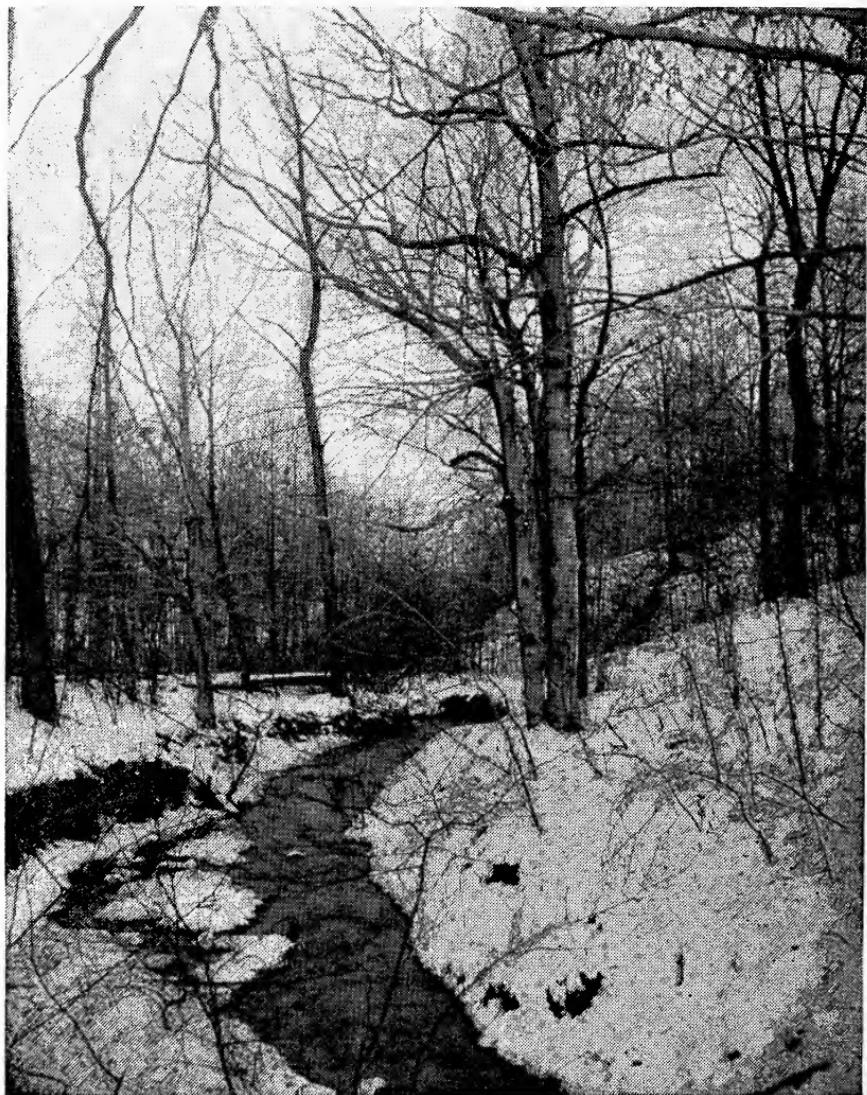
With banners drooping in the frosty air,
The ragged remnant of the hosts of corn
Make their last stand upon the hillside torn
They summer long defended with unbroken square;
The robber crow, sore pressed to find his fare,
Calls mournfully about the fields forlorn;
The golden-rod, of all its glory shorn,
Droops desolate beside the pathway bare.
Sport of the wind, the milkweed's downy store
Is scattered 'mid the branches of the hedge,
Like the first heralds sent by Winter hoar,
Who wrapped in cloud bides on the valley's edge,
Whence his invading troop ere long will pour
In storming ranks across the frozen sedge.

A SUNSET

Broad bands of flame light all the spacious west,
Where burns the sun in a consuming fire;
His glowing body, molten, yet entire,
Sinks slowly down behind the low hills' crest;
Awhile the clouds his dying beams arrest,
And straight their softer tints new thoughts inspire:
No more I see a conflagration dire,
But, dreaming, follow that heroic quest
Sung by old bards in the brave age of Greece,
Whose glories brighten down the centuries,
And I behold a ship, with winds at peace,
Move on its course by scarce-perceived degrees—
Deep-laden Argo with the golden fleece,
And Jason homing over Eastern seas.



AN AUTUMN PATH, WINDSOR HILLS



A MIDWINTER THAW—Near Walbrook

BALLADE OF LOST PICTURES

Our album holds full many a view,
Our walls some worthy prints display,
Good subjects we possess, a few,
And films that scrutiny repay;
But still our wayward thoughts will stray
To scenes where we with failure met,
Fond memories that ever stay—
The pictures that we didn't get.

The search for beauty we pursue,
In every field we seek our "prey,"
We hunger for material new,
And make exposures where we may;
And though results much skill betray,
We feel no less a vague regret
For those we've missed and lost for aye—
The pictures that we didn't get.

Elusive graces still we woo,
Each subtle charm we would portray,
Though trifles oft our care undo,
And error spoils the best essay;
Development has gone astray,
Or shutter has been wrongly set—
What glowing fancies round them play—
The pictures that we didn't get.

ENVOY

The biggest fish still gets away,
The noblest game escapes the net,
And we alike bewail today
The pictures that we didn't get.

A WINTER MIRACLE

We walked the fields at set of sun,
What time grim Winter kept his state,
And thought eyes ne'er had looked upon
A world more bleak or desolate.

Black limbed and gaunt against the west
The leafless woodland reared its head;
And all above earth's frozen breast
But late in bloom lay gray and dead.

From out the north, portending storm,
Vast cloud-shapes blotted out the day;
We turned and sought our chamber warm
And shut the dreary scene away.

We rose at dawn and stood o'erawed
Before the splendor of the sight;
A noiseless host had been abroad
And wrought a wonder in the night.

O'er withered field and barren glade
The snow a spotless veil had flung;
To every bough and bush and blade
The fleecy flakes had caught and clung.

Familiar vistas through the wood
The vision strove in vain to trace;
The trees in misty whiteness stood
That blurred all sense of form or space.

The willows wore a hoary crown,
And e'en the boulders in the stream
Were cushioned o'er with softest down
Where frost-elves well might couch and dream.

O gracious Power, that gives so much!
Who would have dreamed a scene so bare,
Beneath His love's transforming touch,
Could thus become so heavenly fair?

DO YOU REMEMBER, SWEETHEART?

Do you remember, sweetheart,
The summer days gone by,
When earth was in her rarest mood
And glory filled the sky?
The fields were all a-blossom then,
The woods with birds were gay,
And every brook made melody
Along our sunny way.

Do you remember, sweetheart,
The happy hours we spent
Upon the hillside's grassy slope
Beneath the oak's green tent?
The stream ran sparkling far below
Its curving banks between,
And vagrant cloud shapes drifted by
Across the blue serene.

Do you remember, sweetheart,
The pathway through the glade—
The leafy aisles that led our feet
To cloistered nooks of shade?
The fallen tree, where oft we sat,
Has mingled with the mold,
Yet must your true heart cherish still
Those blissful days of old.

THE SONG OF PEACE

The song that filled Judea's plain
That starry night of old,
When angels sang the wondrous strain,
Adown the years has rolled;
And strong and clear today as when
The world first felt its thrill,
Above the clash of heedless men
It rings and echoes still.

Though oft the din of savage war
Has whelmed the joyful sound,
And zealot hate with rabid roar
As oft in discord drowned,
Yet through the centuries of wrong
Love has preserved each word,
And Faith has seen the angel throng,
And listening Hope has heard.

And earth at last, by strife o'erwrought,
Looks to a milder sway,
As men, by larger wisdom taught,
Would lay the sword away;
While gentle hearts and kind rejoice
And Bethlehem's song repeat,
And nations, harkening to the voice,
Have found its message sweet.

And as the years bring round the feast
That woke the blest refrain,
May the glad chorus be increased
Till Peace supreme shall reign!

Till every land and every tongue,
Released from martial woe,
Shall join the song by angels sung
That Christmas long ago!

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

O Spirit of the Christmas time,
To you I lift my verses;
You give the bells a blither chime
And open hearts and purses.

You make this old world heaven-fair
And banish gloom and sadness;
You lure men from life's sordid care
To join in childhood's gladness.

You blight the weeds that faith destroy
And start love's flowers growing;
You touch the sluggish pulse of joy
And set the warm blood flowing.

You oft renew affection's blaze
In lives whose bliss was squandered;
You lead back to remembered ways
The feet that far had wandered.

You turn from contemplated wrong
The souls who hated treasure;
You teach the lips unused to song
To wake a gleeful measure.

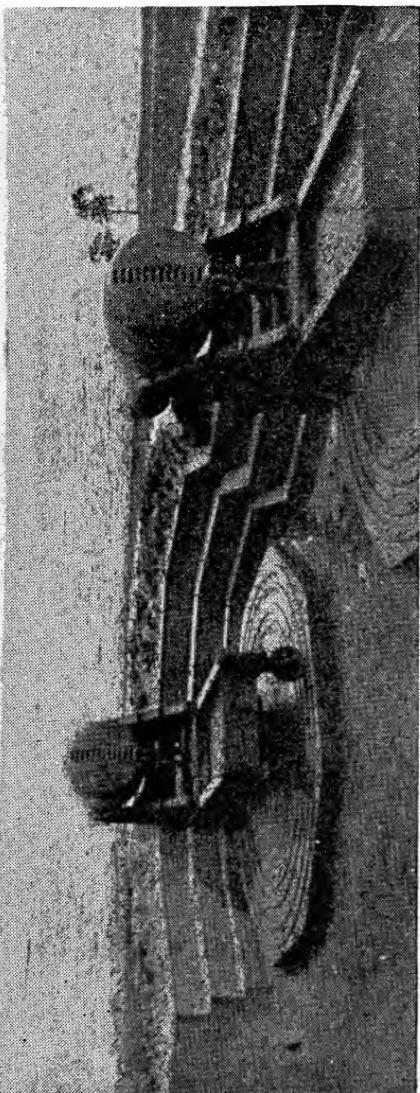
So, gentle spirit, take my lay
And speed your mission ever,
And may the years extend your sway
Until you leave us never.

THE OLD FORT

Fort McHenry, whose gallant defense inspired the "Star-Spangled Banner."

No more along the parapet her guards pace to and fro,
No more her sunset gun resounds above Patapsco;
Her shuttered barracks stand forlorn, no hurrying
troopers pass;
The old parade ground's lines are hid beneath effacing
grass.
She who ne'er yielded to the foe must yield to circum-
stance;
Vain now the watch she long has kept o'er Chesapeake's
expanse;
The need that raised her storied walls does not exist
today,
Yet from our life her name and fame can never pass
away.
For 'twas upon her hallowed soil our flag waved through
the night,
What time the foe attacked our land in vengeful hate
and spite;
And from her heights inspiring gleams across the deep
were borne
To him who watched with straining gaze that gray
September morn.
Then let the old fort stand intact, the chiefest of our
shrines,
Her deathless glory ever linked with Key's immortal
lines;
Still let her silent cannons keep their station by the
shore,
And let her starry banner wave above them evermore.
And pilgrim feet shall hither come to pass with reverent
tread
Along the ramparts Valor held in those dark days of
dread;
And generations yet unborn shall to her slopes repair
And gazing on her streaming flag rejoice to see it there.

LOOKING DOWN THE RIVER, FORT McHENRY PARK



CAST UP BY THE STORM—Shore of the Patapsco



VACATION SONG

Away from the town, away!

Away to the woods and fields!

To the blooming leas and the fragrant breeze

And the pleasures nature yields!

Away from the burning streets

And the killing grind of trade

To the dewy sheen of the meadows green

And the woodland's soothing shade!

Away from the city's roar

To the song the brooklet sings,

To the waters cool and the quiet pool

Where the swallow dips his wings!

Away to the founts of health!

To the medicine of the hills!

To gain new life to face the strife,

And conquer the future's ills.

A SULTRY DAY

The hazy fields are dumb and motionless,

The woods are still in every dreaming spray,

The blossoms droop beside the dusty way,

Faint with the ardor of the sun's caress;

All living things the subtle spell confess,

The choir is mute that made the morning gay,

Hushed is each bird note, save the plaintive lay

Of wood-thrush, calling from some dim recess.

Anon the scene a breath of air receives,

A languid zephyr, that has scarce the power

To wake a drowsy murmur in the leaves

Or rock the bee upon his honied flower,

Then Time, who near had slept, the charm unweaves

And lazily tolls out the passing hour.

THE HILLS OF HOPE

We tread the dreary round of toil,
As duty bids or need;
Deep in the valley's depths we moil,
Where wrong and evil breed.
Around us rise the shining hills,
With pleasant groves o'erspread,
Whose paths, when time our hope fulfills,
We mean our feet shall tread.

We labor through the weary days,
Amid the dust and gloom,
And ever lift a longing gaze
Up to those peaks of bloom;
Then turn and strike a stronger blow,
And set a sterner face,
And onward strive, with heart aglow,
Resolved to win a place.

Ofttimes to lowest depths we fall,
And lose life's kindly cheer,
Despair enshrouds us like a pall,
And failure seems anear;
But still upon the hills of hope
The sunrise glory gleams,
And still love beckons up the slope
That leads us to our dreams.

O fainting soul, be not dismayed!
Press on unto the goal;
Attack each barrier unafraid,
With purpose firm and whole;

Nor murmur if the way be long,
Nor falter in the quest,
And you shall join the victor throng
Upon those heights of rest.

EVER FAIR BALTIMORE

Proudly she sits like a queen in her splendor,
Throned on her hills at the head of the bay;
Graced with the best Art and Nature can lend her,
Glowing by night and inspiring by day.
Bright are the names on the page of her glory,
Garlands she wears both for beauty and lore;
Splendid the deeds that illumine her story,
Town of our love, ever fair Baltimore!

CHORUS

Sing to her, sing to her, swell the glad chorus,
Tell out her name all the broad country o'er;
Great things behind us and greater before us,
Forward in faith, Baltimore, Baltimore!

Wide are her gates to the toiler and planner,
Ready she stands to encourage and aid;
Guarding the rights of all under her banner;
Just in her laws and straightforward in trade.
Fronting the future with purpose unswerving,
True to the best in her annals of yore;
Surely no other is worthy our serving,
Town of our love, ever fair Baltimore.

THE ICEBERG AND THE SHIP

The "Titanic," April 14, 1912.

From the heart of the polar regions,
In a glacier-guarded bay,
With a crash of riven mountains,
An iceberg broke away.
"I am called," it hoarsely thundered,
"And I follow afar and free;
I am called to my work in the fog and mirk
Where the great ships dare the sea."

And out by the rocky headland
That clutched it with futile hands,
Away through the icy water,
Unchecked by its brittle bands ;
And out past the bold sea-fishers,
Who shrank from its frosty breath,
Through many a day it crushed its way
A huge white shape of death.

From her port on the further ocean
Steamed forth the brave new ship,
A marvel of human effort,
She sped on her maiden trip ;
Two thousand souls for her burden,
And never was freight more dear,
And she swept the tide in strength and pride
A thing that knew not fear.

When out of the midnight darkness,
Rose a wall of crystal rock,
And fair on the iceberg's ledges
She struck with splintering shock ;

And, her iron sides rent asunder,
Down the sea's dark depths she spun,
And the far-called doom passed o'er her tomb,
Its awful work was done.

THE AVIATOR

Secure upon my slender seat
I upward speed—a thing elate;
Fast falls the earth beneath my feet,
The soaring eagle is my mate.

I slant my flexible wings of steel
And shoot into the upper blue,
Or turn my sentient steering wheel
And sail the silent regions through.

I dive; I soar; I ride at will
The waves of the uncharted air;
My humming motor drives me still
To heights no feathered travelers dare.

I revel in the realms of light!
I drink the winds of ecstasy!
I note with ever-fresh delight
The glorious prospect spread for me!

Let timid souls contented crawl
About the narrow land's confine;
Give me my wingèd ship and all
The boundless world of space for mine!

A CALL BY WIRELESS

Should the receiver of your heart
 Thrill to an influence strange,
Fear not; 'tis but that Cupid's art
 Has brought you in my range.

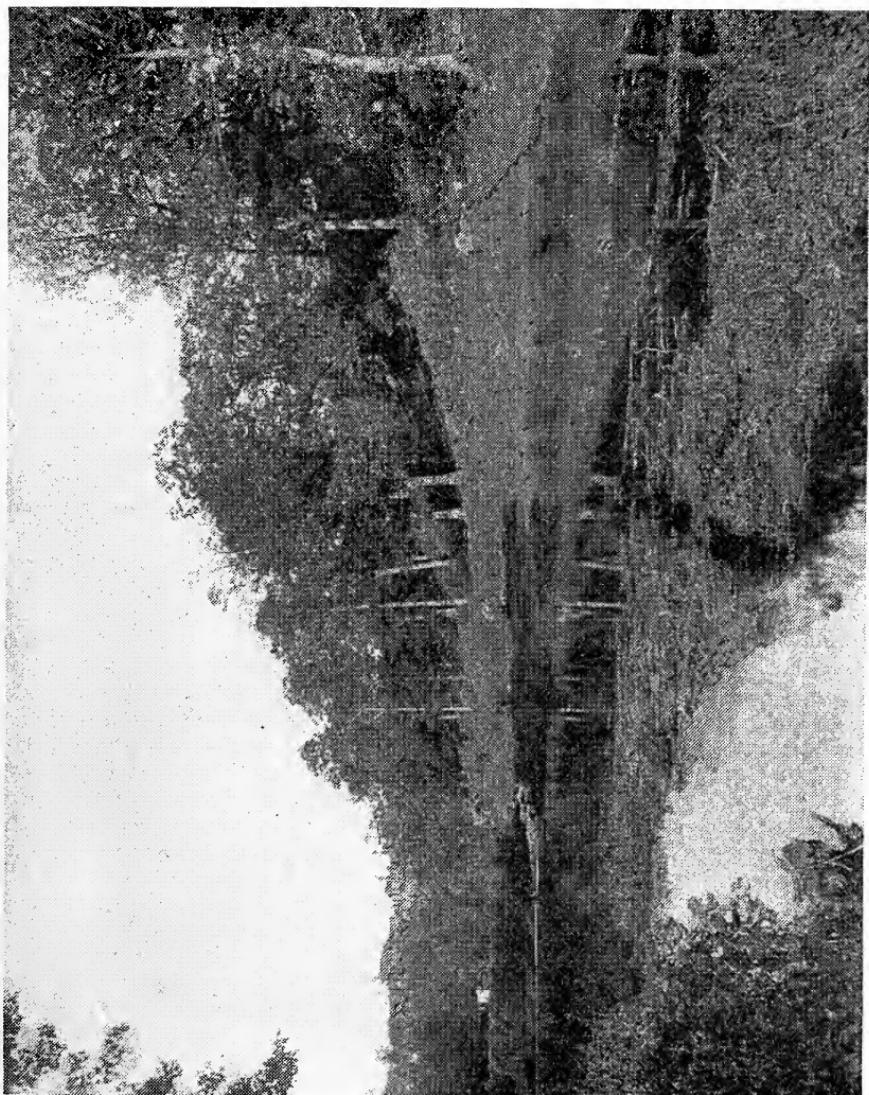
Long while on lonely seas adrift,
 Storm-tossed and sore afraid,
I've seized the age's latest gift
 And sent this call for aid.

Believing Love would guide it true,
 I've flashed it far and free,
And this glad day I'll bless if you
 Have caught my C. Q. D.

NIGHTFALL

With softest step, in sober garments clad,
 Laden with blessings and large-hearted cheer,
The gracious presence of the Night draws near,
And from the tired hands of the toiler glad
She takes the task; wheels cease their whirrings mad
 At her light touch; days' worries disappear,
As freely she bestows her treasures dear
With equal favor on the gay and sad.
All they that labor drove abroad at morn
 Turn swiftly homeward at her beckoning,
And lonely hearths, and households long forlorn,
Are bright with joy and gay with welcoming;
E'en to the meanest drudge her grace is borne,
 And he whom Day made slave she makes a king.

THE SPREADING STREAM—Gwynn's Falls, near Frederick Road





Gwynn's FALLS—Dam, near Edmondson Avenue, After a Storm

THE CAMERA

My eye takes in a thousand things :
The leaf that falls, the vine that clings,
The blossom lifting to the sun,
The streamlet where the ripples run,
The torrent pouring o'er the ledge,
The lily at the mill-pond's edge,
The towering rock-cliff's rugged lines,
The clean-cut silhouette of the pines,
The kine knee-deep in waters cool,
The shadow in the glassy pool,
The outspread valley's blooming miles,
The shady woodland's sun-flecked aisles,
The swaying rushes by the brook,
The wind-swept river's wrinkled look,
The foam-line of the breaking seas,
The white sails swelling with the breeze,
The scenes of home, the friendly face,
The witchery of childhood's grace ;
All these I gather up and set
Within my darkened cabinet,
The which, when duly taken thence,
And fixed with certain elements,
Shall keep undimmed their pictured charm
Through season's change and age's harm.

A WISH

Though days be dark or sunny,
Good Luck keep you in care,
And love and friends and money
Be yours in ample share.

GWYNN'S FALLS

Dear loved stream, still winding down
Through crowding hills a devious way,
Give me to bring your charms renown
And lend your music to my lay.

Through sun and shade, by height and plain,
With many a carven curve and bend,
You hasten downward to the main
Wherein your troubled course must end.

Now rushing down a rocky ledge,
Now resting in a quiet pool,
Now creeping through the waving sedge,
You keep no law and own no rule.

And changing with your changeful flow,
I hear your voice's varying tones,
Here through smooth reaches singing low,
There raging at impeding stones.

The beeches spread their roots and drink
The grateful coolness of your wave,
And drooping willows at the brink,
Their branches in your waters lave.

O'er your still depths the swallows skim,
The hawk, high-poised, a shadow floats,
And songbirds, 'round your current's brim,
Make glad the valley with their notes.

The while you glide with swelling strength,
Upgathered from a hundred rills,
Till in the river's flood at length
Your tide its destiny fulfills.

So take my song, old friend, though weak
And poor the tribute that I bring;
May it tempt kindred souls to seek
The beauties that I fain would sing.

IN THE CITY

The black smoke drifts across the sky,
A blot on God's unclouded blue,
And grimy buildings, blank and high,
On either hand fill up my view.

Without the tide of traffic flows
And fills the street with its uproar,
Whereon the sun so fiercely glows
The stones are like an oven floor.

And sudden longing, born of these,
Wakes olden memories in my brain,
And fancy from the present flees
And seeks the scenes of youth again.

Above the tumult of the streets,
Above these stifling airs of death,
I hear the song the brook repeats,
And catch the pine-trees' fragrant breath.

And while my body here today
Its customary task fulfills,
In spirit I am far away,
Among the everlasting hills.

A FALLEN IDOL

Forlorn and friendless, day by day,
He stands with wistful eye
Beside the city's busy way
And sees the world go by.

His name was once a word to charm,
Men strove his help to win,
His voice had power to save or harm
What cause he entered in.

But now, unnoticed by the throng,
An idle part he plays ;
His triumphs to the past belong,
His fame to other days.

The tide that bore him on its crest
Through sunny days and fair
Has ebbed, with swiftness all unguessed,
And left him stranded there.

THE NEWER INDEPENDENCE DAY

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air
She little reckoned what a sight
Of trouble we would have to bear ;
She hardly thought the time would be
When it would all Law's wits require
To curb her lively progeny
And quench their patriotic fire.

She never dreamed her votive youth
So ardently would celebrate

That her great day would grow in truth
A thing for men to execrate;
That people over all the land
Would her enthusiasts revile
And fly to some more peaceful strand
Or wish they might be deaf awhile.

And if the goddess could today
Declare her sentiments to us,
I do not doubt that she would pray
A worship not so strenuous;
Then give her praise—an ample share,
Nor yield an atom of your joys
But—just a little more of care
And just a little less of noise.

LONGINGS FOR THE SEA

Oh, for a day upon old ocean's shore!
The wet beach gleaming in the bright sunshine,
The fresh breeze blowing over leagues of brine,
And white surf pounding on the sandy floor;
To watch the long swells rolling evermore,
And slow ships creeping up the dim sky line,
Swift would I fly, as pilgrim to a shrine,
Whose goal attained will his lost joys restore;
So might I feel once more the olden thrall
Of wind and wave and salt spray flying free,
Might hear across the tide the fishers call,
And catch the shouts of bathers in their glee,
Mixed with child laughter—and above it all
The rhythmic surge of the majestic sea.

SPRING SONG

"Spring, gentle Spring."

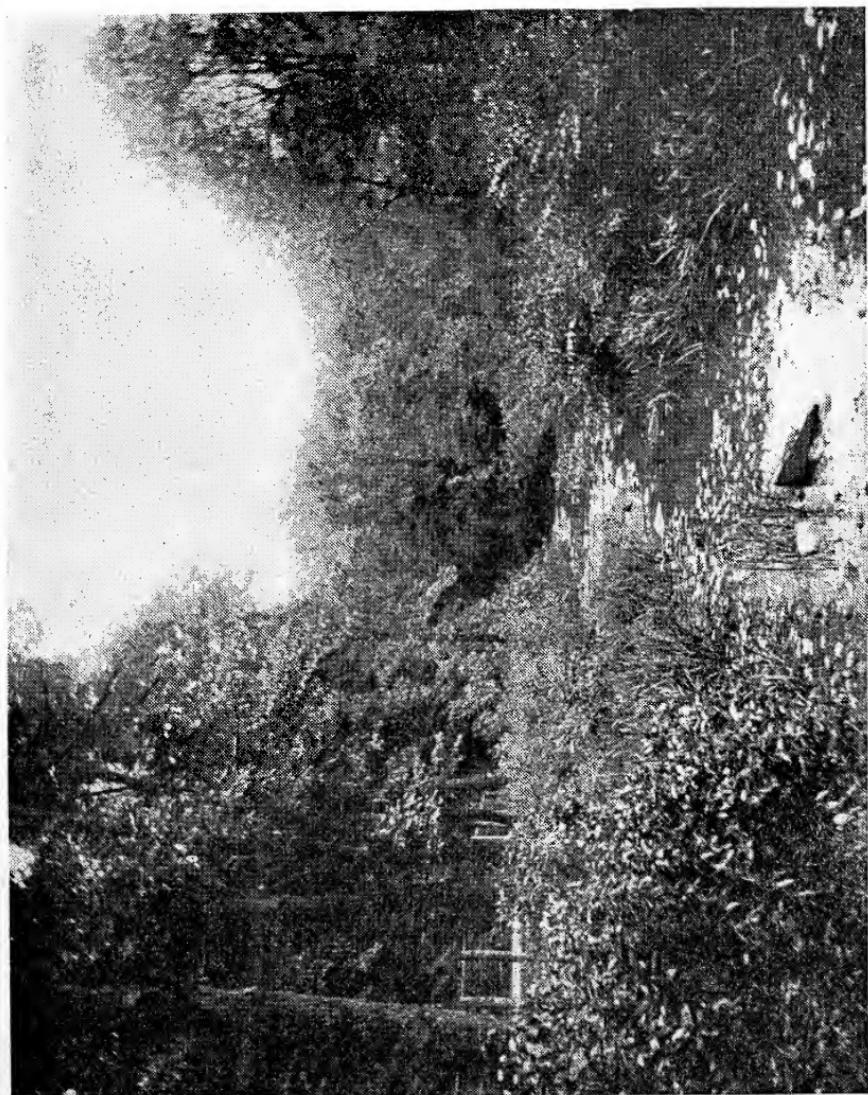
Now Winter sees his power wane,
And rising up betimes,
Departs with all his stormy train,
For more congenial climes;
Throughout the reawakened land
A milder reign is sung,
And thus we clearly understand
That "gentle Spring" has "sprung."

The streamlet breaks the icy hush
Wrought by the north wind keen,
And Nature with artistic brush
Now paints the landscape green;
Upon the boughs the buds come out
Where late icicles clung,
Which goes to prove beyond a doubt
That "gentle Spring" has "sprung."

The birds that vanished with the leaves
Now suddenly appear,
And chatter daily round our eaves
Of Summer's coming cheer,
While each nest-building conference
The blooming groves among
Affords conclusive evidence
That "gentle Spring" has "sprung."

DOUBTFUL

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said:
"Great Scott! here is that letter yet
My wife said I must not forget."



THE SUNLIGHT's SPELL—Dead Run, above Franklinton



A SUNLIT GROVE—Green Spring Valley, near Tobins

BALLADE OF CONDITIONS

When life is smooth and the skies are blue,
And we move along through quiet days,
With nothing at all in the world to do,
'Tis sweet to loiter in woodland ways;
But when the pulse of the times betrays
A fever-fire in its rapid beat,
And thought finds vent in impassioned phrase,
Then ho! for the rush and roar of the street.

When the clouds of care are faint and few,
And trouble far from our presence strays,
With prospects wearing a roseate hue,
'Tis sweet to loiter in woodland ways;
But when the rallying trumpet brays,
And legions haste on eager feet,
And the struggling hosts their slogans raise,
Then ho! for the rush and roar of the street.

When the future looks serene to view,
And Peace on the spirit her soft spell lays
With all things tranquil the broad land through,
'Tis sweet to loiter in woodland ways;
But when the fires of conflict blaze,
And rival forces fiercely meet,
And the flag of victory bends and sways,
Then ho! for the rush and roar of the street.

ENVOY

When life in the pulses sluggish plays,
'Tis sweet to loiter in woodland ways;
But when the tide runs strong and fleet,
Then ho! for the rush and roar of the street.

THE DEAD SUMMER

Softly, softly, let us tread,
Summer lies beneath us dead;
She who joyed in woodlands green
And the meadow's golden sheen,
She who laughed in all the rills
Rippling down her sunny hills,
Lieth here beneath the mold,
Killed by Winter's frost and cold.

Ah, it seems but yesterday
That we roamed her bowers gay,
Seeking 'mid her ample store
Blossoms that we loved of yore,
While the birds sang in her praise
Madrigals and roundelays,
And the sun the long hours through
Wooed her from the heavens blue.

Now her groves are brown and bare,
And no birds sing anywhere,
Not a note the silence stirs—
Gone are all her worshippers;
And the chill December breeze
Blows the last leaves from the trees,
And the sun makes briefer stay
Since her spirit passed away.

OVER-TALENTED

Ah, better far it is to be
Blest with one gift that shines
Than cursed with mediocrity
In half-a-dozen lines !

For instance: You could hardly name
A thing Jones couldn't do;
Of ways to reach success and fame
A score at least he knew.

But yet his talents, strange to say,
Were not of much avail
In helping him to make his way
Or fill his dinner pail.

While Smith, whose wit and skill are small,
His course triumphant goes;
On one thing only can he call,
But that one thing he *knows*.

And so Jones hustles hard and long
To make his two ends meet,
While Smith in power waxes strong
And lives on Easy Street.

Hence we contend: Far better be
Blest with one gift that shines
Than cursed with mediocrity
In half-a-dozen lines.

THE TRANSFORMATION

He goes his way, clear-eyed and brave,
To face his weighty business cares,
You'd think him far too staid and grave
For aught except life's stern affairs;
But see him at the baseball game,
His coat is off, his hat askew,
His eyes are wild, his face aflame,
He's yelling like an Indian, too.

THE TOILERS

Two toilers, toiling in the sun,
Strove each in his accustomed way;
One served for self alone and one
Wrought under love's inspiring sway.

One planned a work of noble scope
And to the task his hands applied;
But wearied soon, and losing hope,
He cast it scarce begun aside.

The other took the matter crude,
And laboring with earnest will,
Saw the design, unformed and rude,
Take shape beneath his loving skill.

Each day he sought it with delight
As slow it grew the thing he meant,
And though he oft knew failure's blight
He faltered not in his intent.

At last, his patient efforts through,
Content he saw his labors cease,
And set the work for men to view,
And lo, they cried, "A masterpiece!"

The work the one had found too hard,
Who measured by self's narrow laws,
Gained for the other rich reward
And won a grateful world's applause.

I hold in plans or small or great
Our faith must enter to prevail;
The heart will conquer soon or late,
No work of love can wholly fail.

BALLADE OF FAILURES

Day by day, be it foul or fair,
Regular as the matin peal,
On the busiest corner of the square
Gather a band of comrades leal!
Little of kinship, though, they feel,
Save that life holds for all the same;
Failure upon them has set his seal—
“These are down and out of the game!”

Summer and Winter they thither fare
Drawn as the magnet draws the steel,
To watch a struggle they never share,
To stand supine in a world of zeal:
To mark the changes the hours reveal,
Till the sun goes down in the west aflame,
Content if night brings a bed and a meal—
“These are down and out of the game!”

Motley the company gathered there,
Odds and ends from Fate’s flying reel:
Spendthrifts, careless and debonair,
Beggars, shabby from head to heel;
Wearying friendship with bold appeal,
Dead to honor and lost to shame,
Mourning the turn of Fortune’s wheel,
“These are down and out of the game!”

ENVOY

Youth, ere you enter the conflict, kneel,
Pray quick passage from praise and blame,
Or ever men thus with your record deal:
“These are down and out of the game!”

THE WITCHERY OF HALLOWE'EN

The witchery of hallowe'en,
It tingles in the air!
And spirits walk the halls unseen
Or lurk upon the stair;
We know their work in everything
By ways we can't explain,
The bells that curiously ring
The ghost-taps at the pane.

The witchery of hallowe'en,
It steals into the breast!
It comes our sober days between
And gives to life a zest;
When with the merry throng we prove,
By foolish spell or rhyme,
The truth of charms that only move
At this enchanted time.

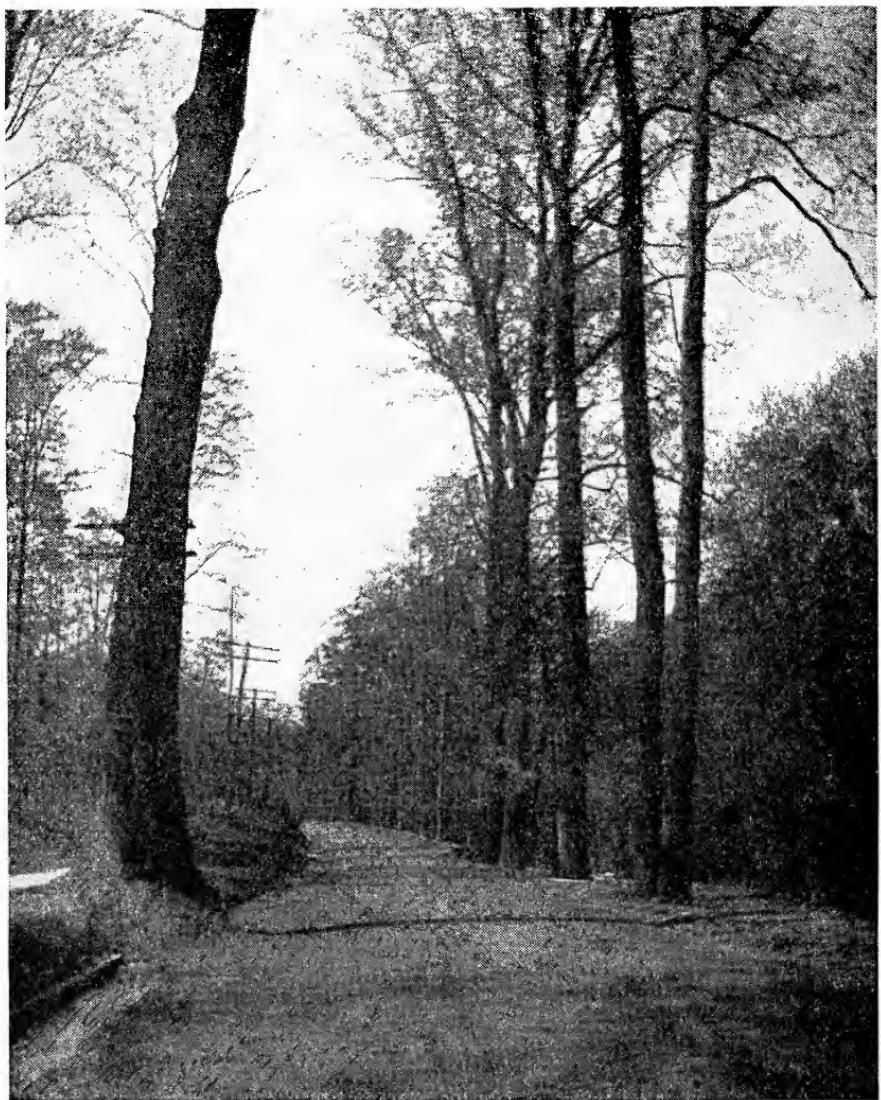
The witchery of hallowe'en,
We freely own its power!
May each return still find us keen
For Folly's fleeting hour;
And let the years steal what they may
From joys to which we've clung,
So that they spare each festal day
That keeps this old world young!

A DECLARATION

Dear heart, I've striven long to find
Some way to tell my state of mind
In language due;
But vain my toil, my sighs, my tears;
No thought will come, no line appears
Save this: "I'm over head and ears
In love with you."



A GLIMPSE OF BEAR CREEK—Off the North Point Road



DEEFDENE ROAD, ROLAND PARK

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

Wake! for the sun has ushered in the day;

The city clamors and you must away—

Why rail then at the fate that drives you forth
Or swear at Time for that he will not stay?

Quick! sieze the cup of coffee scalding hot;

The hasty roll, the egg,—no matter what;

There is no time to feast if you would keep
Your hard-won fame of "Johnny-on-the-spot."

Rush wildly forth, leave wide both door and gate,
The trolley's coming and it will not wait;

Haste now, lest you be left along with those
Who beat the empty air and wail, "Too late!"

Attack your work; exert your utmost power,
With thought to crowd a week into an hour—

You dare not take your leisure if you hope
From all the throng to pluck Success's flower.

Dash out at noon unto the lunchroom nigh,
Bolt down your sandwich and prepare to fly;

The clock speaks with inexorable voice
And bids you hence, nor tarry for the pie.

Fill thus the hours, nor cease e'en with the light,
But push your labors far into the night;

There is so much that waits accomplishment
And soon comes Death to claim his oft-scorned right.

And when the scribe whom wiser ways shall rule
Stands where you lie beneath the grasses cool

And reads the too-brief record of your years,
It may be he will write, "Here was a fool!"

A QUERY

My aforetime plunging friend,
Now you've reached your tether's end
And must henceforth calmly wend
 With the herd;
Without quibble or pretense,
Out of your experience,
Answer me in confidence
 Just a word.

You have walked in joyous ways
All the morning of your days
And have let your spirits blaze
 Unrestrained;
Every pleasure you have tried
That your pocket could provide,
Nor threw you the cup aside
 Until drained.

So, your folly being done,
And your comrades fled, each one,
Tell me ere your race be run
 On the earth;
As you reckon up your lot,
All you had and now have not,
Do you really think you got
 Your money's worth?

THANKSGIVING

Lord of our days, with grateful hearts
 For plenteous tokens of thy grace,
Awhile we close our mills and marts,
 Forget our toil, and give Thee place.

For all Thy mercies, guarding still,
We would in humble thanks unite:
For work that kept our hands from ill,
For love that led our steps aright.

And as we gather to our feast,
Though rich our table be or spare,
Grant we may feel that not Thy least
Through act of ours shall poorer fare.

Grant all who for our needs provide,
Who speed the arts or till the soil,
May have this festal harvest tide
An ampler portion for their toil.

Increase our wisdom and our strength,
Teach us to use our goodly store
So that throughout our fair land's length
The cry of want be heard no more.

CHANCE

I am the maddest sprite that walks the earth,
Upon mankind I vent my frolic thought,
Order and rule I ever set at naught,
I crown with honors one devoid of worth,
I give him plenty who deserveth dearth,
And teach the fool what Wisdom vainly sought;
Many the transformations I have wrought,
I turn life topsy-turvy for my mirth,
I make the beggar rich, the vassal king—
There are no bounds to my extravagance;
When brave men battle for some priceless thing,
And do and dare their fortunes to advance,
Ofttimes the prize with random hand I fling
To some dull clown who never lifted lance.

THE CHRISTMAS WAY

The Christmas Way is broad and fair,
And all men may pass freely there;
Across the world it stretches far,
Back to one brightly-gleaming star,
Whose glory streams in widening ray
Adown the love-set Christmas way.

There Hope and Joy go hand in hand
And scatter blessings through the land,
And Kindly Heart and Goodly Cheer
Amid the foremost there appear;
While merry jest and laughter gay
Make music on the Christmas Way.

There Gladness walks and jolly Mirth,
And bells peal sweetly, "Peace on earth,"
And over all the happy throng
Resounds the old angelic song,
"Good-will to men!" the swelling lay
Thrills through the crowded Christmas Way.

There, too, on either side, a row
Of gift-booths stand, a wondrous show,
Each one with evergreens bedight
And mistletoe and holly bright;
And eager, glad-voiced children stray
In rapture down the Christmas Way.

O man, beset by Sin and Care,
Or meshed in Money's golden snare,
Cast off your bonds, put worry by,
Come, with clean heart and beaming eye,

And wander back to childhood's day
Along the blessed Christmas Way.

SWAPPING GIFTS

A CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION

Now brother's got a walking-stick,
A present he abominates;
And sister's waist just makes her sick,
It is a shade she fairly hates;
And mother's gift's a patent thing
For toasting bread—which she can't bear—
And father has a signet ring,
Who jewelry would never wear.

And they have picked, with equal skill,
Their maiden aunt a carving knife;
A lounging robe for Uncle Bill,
Who never lounged in all his life;
A set of James for Cousin Sue,
Who doesn't like his works a jot,
And all the presents seem askew
And no one likes the thing they got.

If, then, we rack our wits in vain,
And all for naught each year go broke,
The giving will become a pain,
And Christmas but a sorry joke;
And so that no one will be vexed,
And none be blamed for lack of sense,
Let's get together ere the next
And swap with some intelligence.

BALLADE OF REJOICING

Though lusty Winter storms amain
 Against the walls of our retreat,
Though frequent falls the chilling rain
 And masks the dreary world in sleet;
Though mists enfold us, dense, complete,
 And skies ne'er show a rift of blue,
Still sings my heart with rapture meet,
“ ’Tis always Summer, dear, with you.”

Though unseen hands across the pane
 Stretch night by night a frosty sheet,
Though brooklets bear an icy chain
 And flow no more in ripples fleet;
Though never comes our ears to greet
One note of all the birds we knew,
Still to the strain my pulses beat,
“ ’Tis always Summer, dear, with you.”

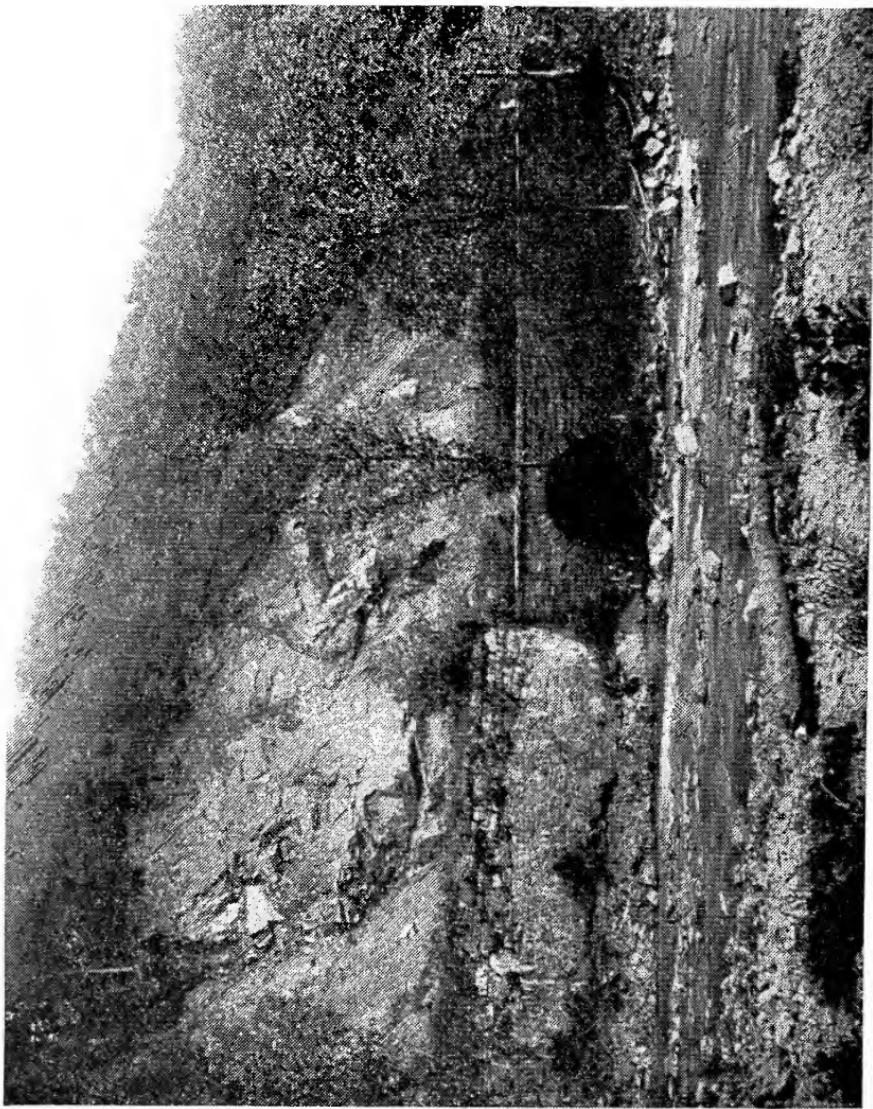
Though snowdrifts fill the field and lane
 And hide the paths where passed our feet,
Though loud the mourning woods complain
 For all their leafy pomp and sweet;
Though ne'er the sun with kindly heat
The barren branches sparkles through,
Yet must my joyful tongue repeat,
“ ’Tis always Summer, dear, with you.”

ENVoy

Love, thus would I the season greet,
 Though nature wears a sombre hue;
This makes my life with bliss replete,
“ ’Tis always Summer, dear, with you.”

THE GARRETT BRIDGE, DRUID HILL PARK





A BANDONED QUARRY, Gwynn's Falls Park

BALLADE OF STRIVING

In an ever changing show
Moves the throng of passers-by,
Proud and humble, swift and slow,
Every state you may descry;
Dauntless youth with courage high,
Cautious age with sober pace,
Side by side for favors try—
This is Fortune's open race!

Late and early on they go,
Firm of lip and stern of eye,
Summer's heat nor Winter's snow
Ever turns their course awry;
Daring all beneath the sky,
Forward to the goal they chase,
Each resolved to win or die—
This is Fortune's open race!

Little time for rest they know,
Little time for laugh or sigh;
Naught they fear but overthrow
Ere the golden prize be nigh;
“Faster, faster,” runs the cry,
“Speed's the only saving grace!”
Toiling, panting, on they fly—
This is Fortune's open race!

ENVY

Let us ponder, you and I,
Ere with these we take our place,
Will the gain the loss supply?
This is Fortune's open race!

NEW YEAR'S EVE

The New Year at the threshold stands,
He comes to be awhile our guest;
Haste we and set him forth our best,
Such as his high estate demands.

Prepare the chamber of the heart,
Put all its worn-out gear aside;
Let no profaning thing abide
That of the Old Year made a part.

Sweep out each lingering vice of youth,
The follies born of thoughtless blood;
Call back the olden love of good,
And trim anew the lamp of truth.

Cast off the foulness and the sin,
The habits that to evil lead;
Make sweet the dwelling for his need,
And bid the New Year enter in.

SEA VENTURES

The ships, in all their snowy pride,
Drop slowly seaward with the tide;
I stand here at the harbor side
And watch them outward steer;
And oft I wonder as I gaze,
Of all the ships mine eye surveys,
How many will in after days
In port again appear?

Ah! not a few before the blast,
Will sink beneath the waters vast,
Or on some rocky shore be cast,
 Dismantled, battered wrecks;
Yet none the less, the vessels will—
Let winds blow fair or winds blow ill—
Go forth on man's adventures still
 Wherever Fortune becks.

We, too, send forth our ships, with cheers,
Out on the sea of changeful years,
And wait, with varying hopes and fears,
 To greet their coming home.
Till tidings blown from shores afar
Of treacherous sands or sunken bar,
And strong boats foundered, hull and spar,
 Tell us they will not come.

But though Fate thus our efforts mocks,
Not all the dread of tempest shocks,
Of hostile sails and hidden rocks,
 Can e'er our faith subdue;
And soon upon that shifting main
Our ships go bravely forth again,
Though cravens cry "Your toil is vain,
 Why still the shade pursue?"

Hope on, brave heart; the tide must turn;
We cannot Fortune's ways discern,
Though now she every offering spurn,
 She yet may with us dwell;
When borne before a favoring gale,
Our ships return with swelling sail,
And to our faint and trembling hail,
 Send back a glad "All's well!"

A LEAP-YEAR EPISODE

They were gathered in the office, for the boss was not around,
And they talked on various topics with sagacity profound,
Until someone mentioned leap-year and the privilege ladies had
Of proposing for a husband then if one they wanted bad.
There was Jones, the city salesman; Smith, the keeper of the cash,
And Robinson and Jackson, and they all spoke up quite rash
Of the way they'd treat a lady who might offer them her hand,
And the sentiments they uttered were magnanimous and grand;
When the door abruptly opened and a female entered there,
A lady large and stately, with a most determined air,
And o'er that group of noble men her flashing glances ran,
Then she in manner resolute began, "I want a man"—
Jones leaped straight for the window and was through it like a flash,
And Jackson down the elevator made a splendid dash,
And passersby who saw the pair go speeding up the street
Declared that as a sprinting match it never could be beat;
Smith, too, of his agility gave most conclusive proof
By springing on the fire-escape and climbing to the roof,
And Robinson, he couldn't tell just how he got away,
But they dragged him from the cellar somewhat later in the day;
While the lady, she whose entrance had such wild commotion made,

Turned to the grinning office boy, the only one who stayed,
And said as if in these events she noticed nothing strange,
"I want a man to come around and fix my kitchen range."

A SCHEME THAT FAILED

Old Brown, who lives across the way,
Has in his stable stowed
A perfect dandy of a sleigh
That never sees the road.

And Smith, who lives next door but two,
Is owner of a mare
He doesn't use the whole year through
Save on occasions rare.

And I have just the nicest girl
A man could sit beside,
Whose pretty head is all awhirl
With longings for a ride.

And so before the pair I laid
A proposition fine
To pool the sleigh, the mare, the maid
Into one grand combine.

And as the portion which I brought
Was worth far more than theirs,
It was entirely right, I thought,
For me to run affairs.

But they—they laughed my scheme to scorn
And mocked me to my face,
So sleigh and mare and maid forlorn
Each keeps a separate place.

AT THE DOOR

They said good-night, but lingered still
On either side the narrow sill;
 He clasped her hands across the space,
 She strove to hide her happy face,
Where love looked forth despite her skill.
The clock rang out its warning shrill,
They started with a guilty thrill,
 And once again (O cruel case!)
 They said good-night.

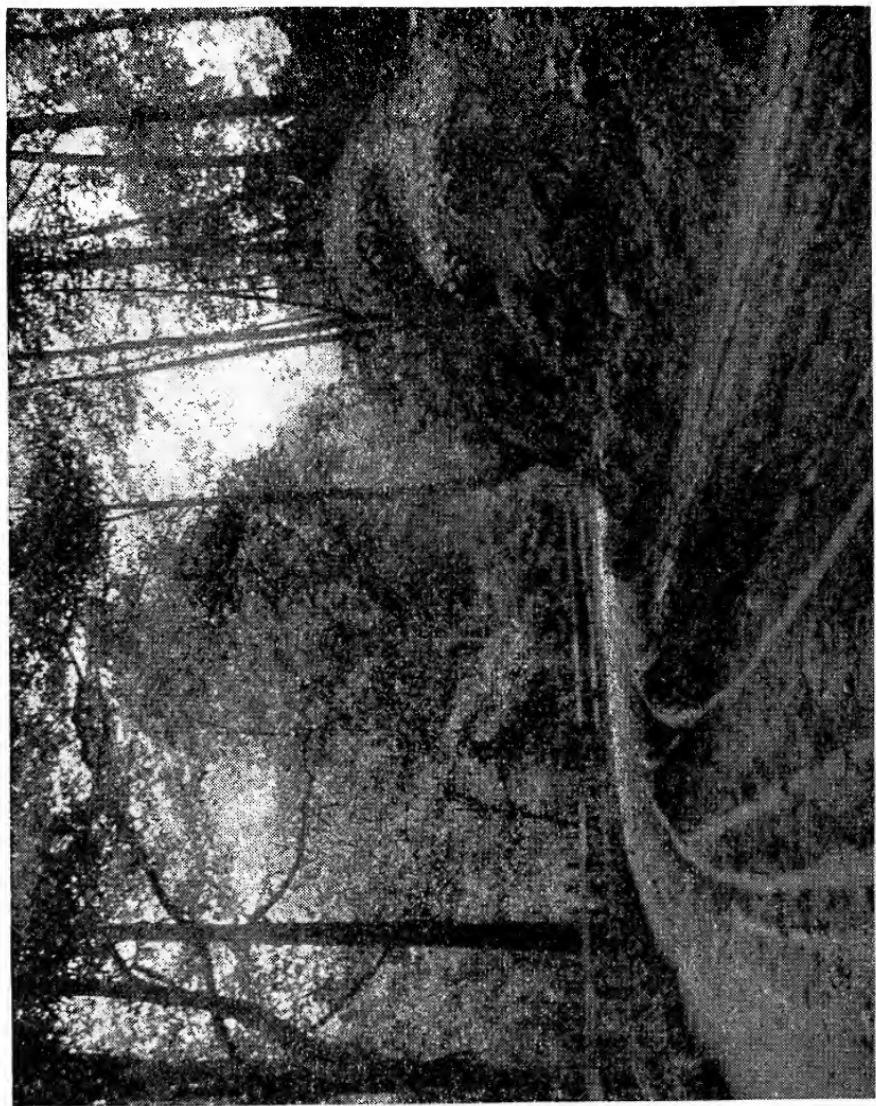
Yet they their cup of bliss would fill,
The moon retired in kindly will,
 And as the shadows veiled the place,
 He drew her close in his embrace
And in a mode where words are *nil*
 They said good-night.

MOONLIGHT ON THE CHESAPEAKE

Swift o'er the surface of the bay we glide,
Whereon the Night has spread her dusky veil,
 And lo! the moon, new risen now, and pale,
Throws her reflection on the gloomy tide:
A silver path, across the waters wide,
 That leads unbroken to our vessel's rail,
Save when the silhouette of a passing sail
A moment in the glory may abide.
O perfect hour! won from life's toil and stress;
 Would that we might its fleeting passage stay,
And soothed by breezy Summer's soft caress,
 Here, side by side, forever drift away
O'er endless seas of moonlit loveliness,
 Far from the wearing strife of garish day.

THE PASTURE—Liberty Road near Rockdale





A SHADY ROAD—Old Franklin Road, near the Hutton Estate

SIGNS OF SUMMER

When days wax longer as they pass
And airs more torrid blow,
When to the greenwood lad and lass
In merry parties go;

When each suburbanite you meet
Prates of his garden patch,
When anglers brother anglers greet
With yarns about the catch;

When loud from every plot of green
The lawn-mower sounds afar,
When on each vacant lot is seen
The future baseball star;

When city street and country lane
Anew with sunlight throb,
We know that Summer's come again
And Old Sol's on the job.

THE ABSORBING TOPIC

With anxious look and eager eye
He scanned the printed page,
As if some matter great and high
Did all his thought engage.
He moved impatient in his seat
And turned the leaves once more,
Then cried, enraged, "Confound this sheet,
Where have they put the score?"

ALONG THE SHORE

Here at the ocean's verge I stand,
Where foam lines break on the sloping sand,
And salt airs gladden the weary land

With a steady breeze and strong;
Out on the boundless blue expanse
Swiftly the homing ships advance,
White their sails in the sunlight glance,
Smoothly they glide along.

Pleasant, methinks, such life must be
Thus to fare on the shining sea,
Over the waves when winds blow free
To sweep on tireless wings;
But, ah! when I gaze along the beach
At wreckage marking the breakers' reach,
And read the lesson its fragments teach,
A different thought upsprings.

Here lie timbers of goodly ships
That went forth upon hopeful trips,
Sailing out from their harbor slips
Freighted with words of cheer;
Sailing fair till the storm-fiend's scourge
Beat them under the heaving surge;
Wind and wave are moaning a dirge
Over their unknown bier.

Never of them shall we tidings learn,
Never a message for hearts that yearn,
Never will they to the port return
Where weary watchers wait.

A broken spar, or a battered boat,
Mast or plank that was left afloat,
Left to drift to these shores remote,
Leaves us to guess their fate.

A LAST APPEAL

O hear me, cruel-hearted thief,
This is my last appeal to you,
Here read the cause of all my grief
And see the mischief that you do.

You took from me my tender heart,
Though you it could no profit bring,
Now mine is but an idle part,
I have no heart for anything.

You robbed me of my healthful sleep,
To me the night no more brings rest;
Your haunting graces round me sweep
Whene'er my troubled pillow's pressed.

You stole my appetite away,
Alas! I can no longer eat;
The dining-hours that sweetened day
Have lost the charm that made them sweet.

Give back, give back all these again,
And you I will forever bless;
For me to live with none were vain,
While you can surely live with less.

Or if a part you wish to keep,
I yield perforce unto your might;
So hold you then my heart and sleep,
But please return my appetite!

A PAGE OF BASEBALL LIMERICKS

RUNNING YET

The score it was twenty to three,
And a spectator cried "Hully Gee!"
As man after man
O'er the plate gaily ran,
"Is it ball or foot-racing I see?"

NO WINGS

A chap who was playing at third,
To grab a high throw never stirred;
When the captain yelled "Why,
You big chump, don't you try?"
He said, "Do you think I'm a bird?"

BETTER UPSIDE DOWN

A bow-legged stortstop called Ed,
Once missed a hot grounder and said,
As he saw with what ease
It could pass through his knees,
"I see I should stand on my head."

TOO MUCH WIND-UP

A pitcher who had a great ball,
Prepared to give batters a fall;
When he found to his fright
He was wound up so tight
That he couldn't project it at all.

NOT SPEED ENOUGH

Said the coach, a sarcastic-tongued soul,
To a youngster who failed of his goal,
"Remember this, son,
When the bases you run,
You're not taking an afternoon stroll."

A PAGE OF BASEBALL LIMERICKS

A MONOTONOUS JOB

A fan who to keep score essayed,
In a game where no hits had been made,
Said, "This job is so fraught
With the making of naught
That a rubber stamp would be an aid."

AN UNKIND CUT

Said one who loved dollars and cents,
"These ball games are too much expense;
I shall let them go by"—
Cried a waggish friend, "Why,
Have they nailed up the hole in the fence?"

HOW NICE

Said the right field, "This thing's wrongly planned,
They should grow daisies here close at hand,
Then I'd lighten the hours
By gathering flowers
To give to the girls in the stand."

A TOUGH POSITION

A player at second called Rob,
Had a base runner light on his knob;
Said he, feeling the sore,
When the mixup was o'er,
"This sure is a strenuous job."

A SARCASTIC ROOTER

A girl new to baseball affairs,
Saw the men, yelling, stand on their chairs;
"Are you rooting?" she said
To one wild-eyed and red,
And he shrieked, "No, I'm saying my prayers."

A RETROSPECT

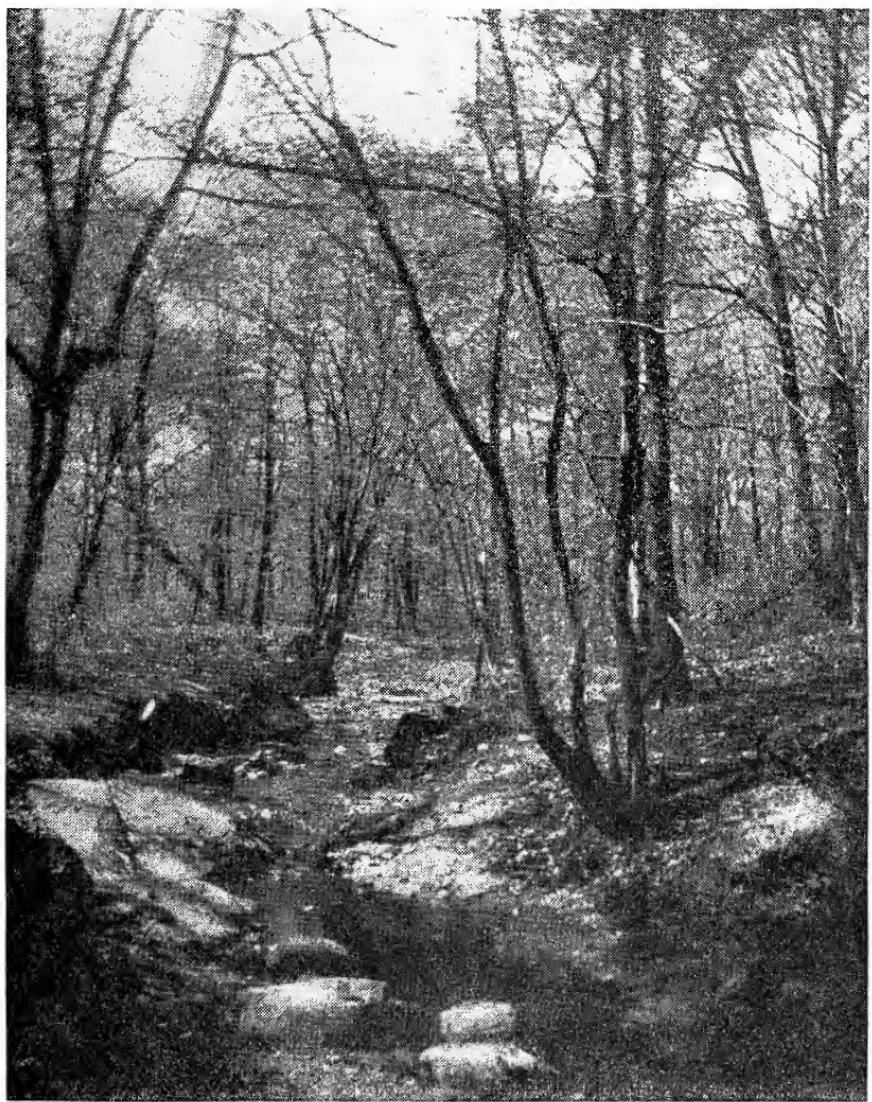
How many times, dear heart, have we
Together roamed beside the sea
When life was young, and skies were blue,
And all the world was fair and new,
And it was rapture just to be!

And we have traced o'er dale and lea
The paths that led to Arcady,
And lingered there the long hours through,
How many times?

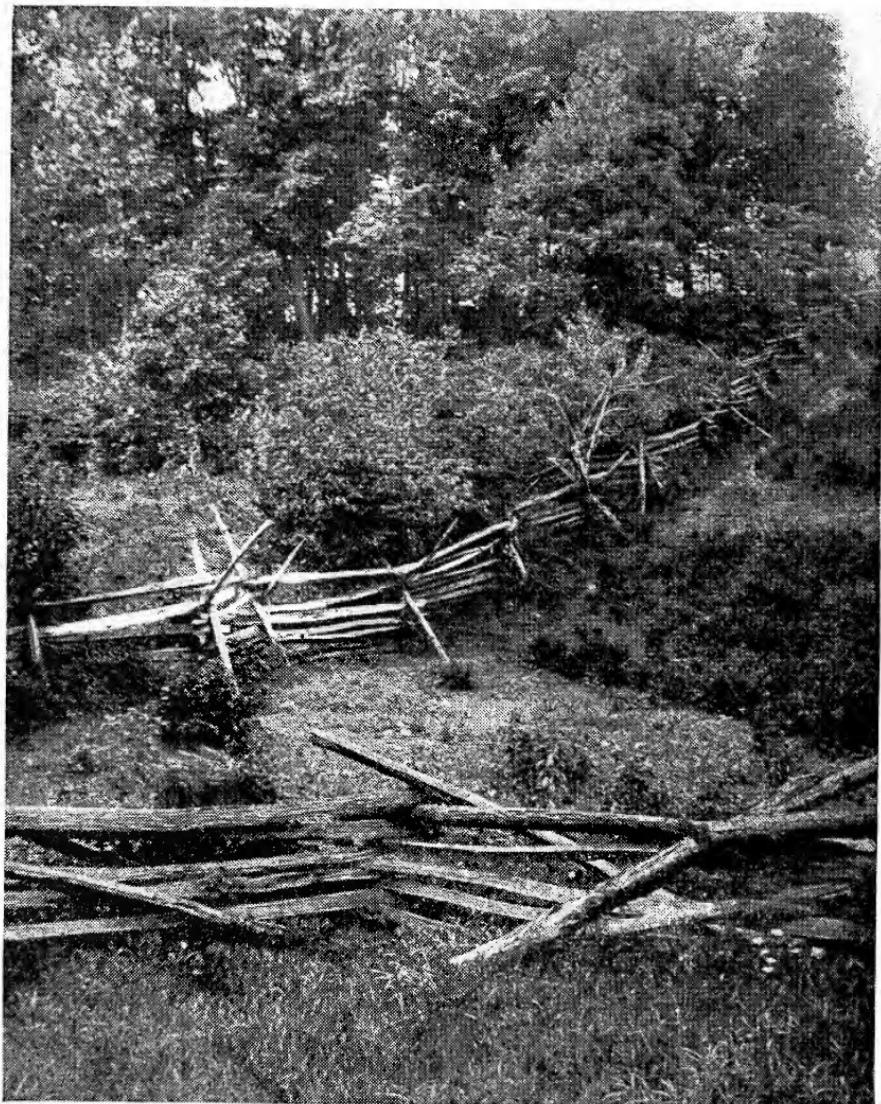
And though our ways, by "fate's decree,"
Since then have severed been and free,
I still have kept your memory true
Through all these changing years, while you,
Ah, sad coquette, have thought of me—
How many times?

SKY LAND

World of rare beauty! old yet ever new,
Whose cloud-built scenes my fancy oft beguiles,
Alike though Winter storms or Summer smiles;
Earth's varied forms you show in softer hue,
Plains, valleys, mountains, in your depths I view;
Sometimes an ocean set with fleecy isles,
Or placid lake, girt 'round about for miles
With snowy peaks upheaved against the blue.
Here I a rugged cape can plainly trace,
And there the curving beach line of a bay;
Awhile these hold their unsubstantial grace,
Then are dissolved and pass like mist away,
And newer shapes drift slowly into place,
Frail counterfeits as fair and brief as they.



FIRST LEAVES—Spring, near Mt. Winans



OLD RAIL FENCE—Near Emory Grove

BALLADE OF THE INFALLIBLE PROPHET

I shirk no trials a man may meet
While journeying on this mortal sphere,
I can eat my grapes, though sour or sweet,
And take my chances without a fear;
I dread not poverty's presence drear,
I'll face misfortune's cruellest blow;
But I shrink and cower when comes anear
The infallible prophet, I-told-you-so.

I can bow to the fate that brings defeat,
And smile at the world's unfeeling jeer,
But Satan's self I would rather greet
Than list to this bore with his half-hid sneer;
Than have him prate in my tortured ear
The wordy reasons I sadly know,
That tear my wounds like a jagged spear,
The infallible prophet, I-told-you-so.

I can bear the shock to my poor conceit
When I see my brave schemes disappear,
But I long to flee to a safe retreat
Whenever his rasping voice I hear:
How he had known it for half a year,
He felt it would happen long ago;
It was all foreseen by this mighty seer,
The infallible prophet, I-told-you-so.

ENVOY

Death, grim slayer, have you no cheer?
Take your weapon and lay him low—
Give me to read on his tombstone clear:
“The infallible prophet, I-told-you-so.”

THE CALL OF MARYLAND

Old Home Week, Baltimore, October 13-19, 1907

O wandering sons! O children dear!
Where'er today you roam,
For you we spread the festal cheer
And deck your natal home;
For you a queenly mother waits
In stately joy and pride
Within her fairest city's gates,
Where doors are opened wide.

Come home—forget awhile your care,
Put by your wasting toil;
Come, breathe your old State's genial air
And tread her kindly soil;
Retrace the scenes of life's young day,
Clasp friendly hands once more,
And Love will smooth the years away
And vanished youth restore.

Come home—though far you build anew
Or other ties you form,
Your old State's skies are still as blue,
Our hearts are just as warm;
Still on her swelling hills the sun
Sends down his brightest ray,
And still her sparkling rivers run
Rejoicing to the Bay.

Come home—our bannered streets are bright,
Our standards proudly fly,
And "Welcome" gleams from flag and light,
And beams in every eye;

And kindred and old comrades will
With pleasant greetings come,
While pleasure all the hours shall fill—
Come home, dear hearts, come home.

THE "OTHER WAY"

Each morning as to work I go,
A maiden fair I meet,
The dearest, sweetest girl, I know,
That treads the busy street;
She comes and goes so sweet and shy,
Watch her I could all day,
But ah! she quickly passes by—
She goes the other way.

I note her coming with delight,
And often wish that she
Would read my tender looks aright
And kindly smile on me;
But scarce I gaze upon her face
And mark the blushes play,
Ere tripping by with dainty pace
She goes the other way.

Thus Fortune, too, the gay coquette,
Will ever me torment;
For years I've tried my steps to set
The way that hers are bent;
But she will my endeavors cheat,
Strive howsoe'er I may,
And always when we chance to meet
She goes the other way.

CHANT ROYAL OF THE FIVE SENSES

When to our gaze earth's beauty is laid bare
In pine crowned height or cultivated plain,
In forest dim, or meadow broad and fair,
Where some slow stream meanders to the main;
Whether in Spring's bright verdure newly dressed,
Or wearing Summer's glories on her breast;
Flushed with the wealth of Autumn opulent,
Or ruled by Winter, stern, omnipotent—
What time or season holds the scenes divine,
Let us repeat with voices reverent,
“We thank Thee, God, for this great gift of Thine!”

When Music lures us to her subtle snare
With the dear burden of some old refrain,
To which we harken, lost to time and care,
And hearing naught save that enchanting strain,
Till charmed we stand, her witching power confessed,
And smile or weep at her supreme behest;
Or when we list to speaker eloquent,
Whose glowing language holds us rapt, intent,
While to his cause our kindred hopes incline,
Then let us thus to our delight give vent,
“We thank Thee, God, for this great gift of Thine!”

When lavish Summer scatters on the air
The gathered odors of her golden reign,
On every breeze bestows an ample share
So rich the fragrance that her blooms contain;
While we, with hearts by love of Nature blest,
Inhale her sweets with never failing zest;
Or when her fields of rain are redolent,
And every leaf with diamond drops besprent,
And her blown breath is like a rare old wine,

Then be our voices in glad chorus blent,
"We thank Thee, God, for this great gift of Thine!"

When we have known the sick-room's scanty fare,

And weary weeks on Fever's couch have lain,

And kindly hands a tempting dish prepare

To call the wasted vigor back again;

Or bring rare fruits, whose glowing hues suggest

Some orchard old or vineyard sun-caressed,

And to our lips the pleasant cure present,

And we enjoy its substance succulent,

While life anew thrills in our limbs supine,

Then must we cry from out our deep content,

"We thank Thee, God, for this great gift of Thine!"

When in our homes Death enters unaware

And bears some loved one to his dark domain,

And we arise from our first blind despair

To greet the friends who strive to ease our pain,

And learn how much unto the soul distressed

May by a simple hand-clasp be expressed;

When words are vain to fitly represent

The tenderness in loving bosoms pent,

How mute caress may speak the feeling fine,

Then let us say, with heads submissive bent,

"We thank Thee, God, for this great gift of Thine!"

ENVY

Friends, here is shown the body's complement,

These senses five, no more could we invent;

Then, thus endowed, shall we at life repine?

Nay, let us murmur, grateful, penitent,

"We thank Thee, God, for this great gift of Thine!"

A Chant Royal is a sort of enlarged Ballade, in that it has a fixed length and definite laws for rhyming. There are very few in the English Language.

FOR A WEDDING

When you are one, courageous twain,
May Love within your household reign,
 May Gladness be your constant guest,
 May Peace, sweet dove, build there her nest,
And with her quiet brood remain.

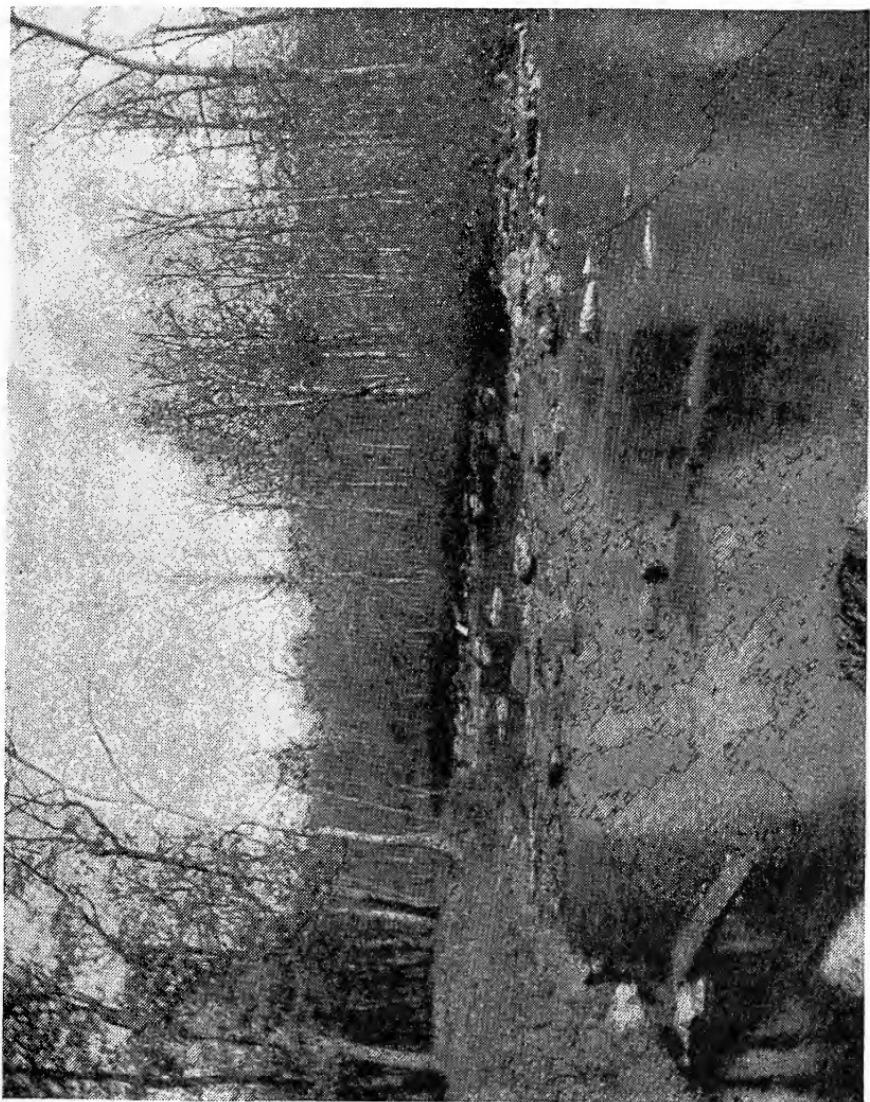
And should you strive for worldly gain,
May Fortune, "fickle goddess," deign
 To aid you in each honest quest,
 When you are one!

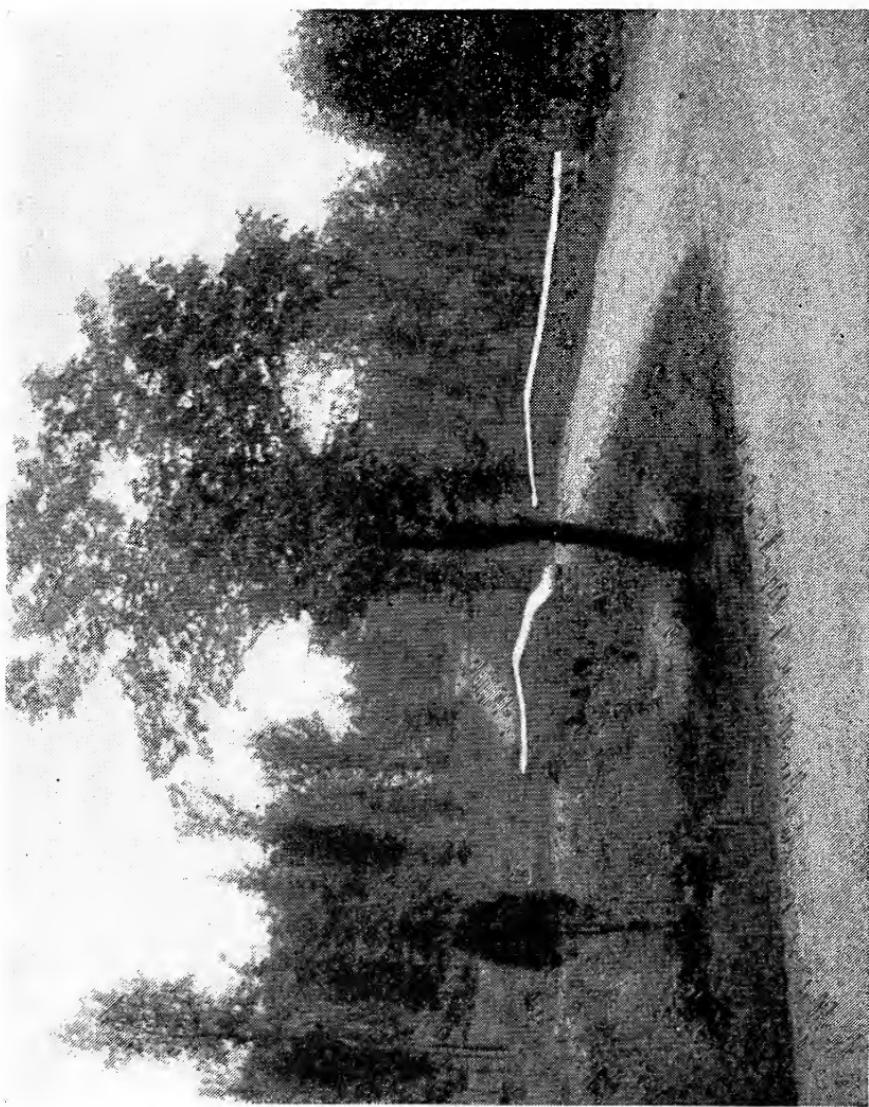
And as your days begin to wane,
May you your early faith retain,
 And gently, calmly, sink to rest,
 With thoughts of rounded duty blest,
Thus proving marriage is no bane
 When *you* are one!

A SUMMER STORM

"Rain!" cried the tree, the first to catch the word
 The herald wind brought o'er the dusty plain;
"Rain! rain!" leaf after leaf took up the strain
Till every drooping blade and blossom heard,
And e'en the wasted brook was faintly stirred;
 Then, crash! the gathered clouds were split in twain,
 And down it poured, great sheets of driving rain,
And all the landscape misty grew and blurred.
Deep drank the thirsty earth so long denied;
 The blossoms bowed beneath it, and the tree,
Feeling the gusty current smite its side,
 Tossed its glad arms and rocked in ecstasy;
The brook became a torrent swift and wide
 And roared across the meadow, mad with glee.

THROUGH STONY WAYS—Near Gwynn Oak





OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY—Taney Road, near Park Heights Avenue

VOYAGING

Within my chamber window streams
The full round moon's resplendent beams,
And, roused, I quit my couch and stand
At gaze on an enchanted land.

Outspread before my mazèd eyes
The sleeping town transfigured lies
Beneath an ocean white and still
That reaches to my casement sill.

A waveless flood that covers all,
Save where some spire, or chimney tall,
That turns to me its shadowed side,
Yet shows above the shining tide.

So fair it lies, this mystic sea,
I fain a-voyaging would be,
And straightway Fancy frames a boat
And out upon the deep I float.

As in a dream I drift away
Where fragrant breezes softly play,
And radiant summer ever smiles
Around a hundred fairy isles.

Or 'neath some beetling cliff I sail,
Whereon a streamlet spreads a veil,
And push my shallop to the land
And roam its silver-gleaming strand.

Through these and other scenes I pass
Till Fancy turns her magic glass,
And lo! the east is pale with dawn
And all the moonlit glow is gone.

A HUSTLER'S WISH

I am a hustler; all my life
It seems has been a chase,
I entered early in the strife,
And kept a foremost place.

I rushed so hard from youth to prime,
I sometimes have my fears
That I have run ahead of time
By half a score of years.

And now that I've won Fortune's smile
I'd like to stop the wheels,
To quit the struggle for awhile
And see how loafing feels.

I'd like to seek some grassy plot,
Such as the poets laud,
And on the softest, greenest spot
Just spread myself abroad.

And there, all care forgotten, lie
With gently heaving breast
And gaze up at the quiet sky
And rest, and rest, and rest.

A COMMON COMPLAINT

"O doctor," moans the worried wife,
"My husband's in some awful trouble;
His sleep with horrid dreams is rife,
He talks of hit and steal and double."
"Nay," said the doctor, "be at ease,
Attacks like this should not affright us,
'Tis but a mild form of disease
And widely known as baseballitus."

RESOLUTION

He called her fickle, heartless, cold,
And wished that he had never met her;
Declared his love's knell had been tolled,
And said he lived but to forget her.

He gave her back each scented note,
From every pledge made haste to free her;
Then went away to scenes remote,
And vowed he nevermore would see her.

But when she wrote in sore distress,
“Please, Jack, return, my heart’s dear master,”
He went home by the fast express,
And swore because it wasn’t faster.

THE FOUNTAIN

From out the center of a lake
I saw a shining column spring,
Straight as an arrow from the string,
And in a thousand jewels break.

I marked the stream’s incessant flow,
Now upward borne, a thing elate,
Now crushed again beneath the weight
Of its own water, sinking low.

O fountain with the jeweled crown!
O type of this our mortal life!
Such is the soul’s unceasing strife
Against the flesh which drags it down.

CHRISTMAS CHANGES

"It is the gracious Christmas time,
The fireplace glows with cheery light,
And on the windows, white with rime,
A thousand jewels sparkle bright.

"The tree within the corner stands,
Its boughs with glittering baubles strung,
Where Santa Claus with generous hands
Last night his welcome presents hung.

"Without the earth is wrapped in snow
And sleigh-bells jingle far and near,
And sounds of gladness come and go
Upon the frosty atmosphere."

Thus sang the bard of former days,
Or might have sung if so he willed,
But I, who scribble modern lays,
Am not by such bright visions thrilled.

No glowing fireplace, deep and wide,
Have I to set my thoughts astir;
I keep my Christmas cheer beside
A cold, prosaic register.

The corner holds no laden tree
That I in rhyme might celebrate,
Because, the scientists agree,
Our forests thus we devastate.

And Santa Claus, the jolly elf,
Who used to come with reindeer team,
Is relegated to the shelf
And out of date as poet's theme.

And so I cannot find a point
Whereon to hang a Christmas verse—
Ah me! the times are out of joint
And poet's woes grow daily worse.

IN ANSWER

Old Friend: You ask me if it pays,
This using quires of paper
And lots of ink in writing lays
Beside the “midnight taper.”

Well, that depends, if “paying” means
A certain money profit,
I fear your correspondent gleans
But very little of it.

But though the work no money earns
To keep his pot a-boiling,
He still maintains it yields returns
That justify the toiling.

If he can keep through life’s dull way
Some thought of fields and flowers
To cheer his labors day by day,
’Tis worth the “wasted” hours.

And while some cry the road is hard,
And o'er their lot sit sighing,
He dons the mantle of the bard
And takes to versifying.

THE NEW YEAR'S PROMISE

When last the bells at midnight rung
To usher in the new-born year,
We gathered where light mirth upsprung
And kept the hour with song and cheer.

No sorrow for the year agone,
No vain regret our pleasure marred;
We only saw the golden dawn,
The glowing future promise starred.

And yet a brief twelvemonth before
The same old year with joy we hailed,
Assured its days all blessings bore
For which we'd striven long—and failed.

And well our baffled purpose knew
How much its close found still undone,
The tasks accomplished—Ah, how few!
How slight the victory we had won!

But flowery hope that ever springs
Above the ruins of defeat
Put forth its fairest blossomings
And served our blinded sense to cheat.

So that once more with greetings fair
We welcomed in the year's advent,
As now we greet Time's latest heir,
And ever will till life be spent.

For though our good intent may fail,
And wished-for triumph end in pain,
Still must we each glad season hail
That wakens brave resolve again.



WASHINGTON MONUMENT, MT. VERNON PLACE



KEY MONUMENT, EUTAW PLACE

PIONEERS

The street is full of drifted snow,
The walk has vanished and a row
Of trampled footprints to and fro
 Its place betrays;
And here the people come and go
 Their busy ways.

Along in narrow track they tread,
Each follows up the one ahead,
Unbroken snow about them spread
 On either side;
The living stream in that worn bed
 Will ever bide.

Thus day by day our course we take,
Content to follow in the wake
Of those before, nor effort make
 At methods new;
The common way we ne'er forsake
 Our journey through.

Not thus the men whose deeds sublime
Illume the chronicle of Time,
Who left their names in every clime
 Our heritage,
And live in deathless prose and rhyme
 From age to age.

Not thus the men who brought the light
When all the world was sunk in night,
Who waged for Truth a valiant fight
 Through sneer and frown,
And won in spite of Error's might
 The victor's crown.

These followed not the beaten route
But firm in faith, of courage stout,
And free from fear and halting doubt,
 New pathways traced,
And from the track struck boldly out
 Into the waste.

AFTER THE FIRE

A PROPHECY OF GREATER BALTIMORE

The fire had passed; above the scene
 The genius of the city bent
In bitter woe, like some sad queen
 Dethroned and doomed to banishment;
And as she mourned she felt the spell
 Of a superior presence near,
While gracious words of comfort fell
 Like music on her raptured ear.

“My daughter, cease your futile sighs,
 This fire shall prove your lasting gain;
These ruined piles anew shall rise
 In beauty dear as sunny skies
 That follow gloomy days of rain.

“Here, with prophetic sense, I see
 A fairer, vaster realm than this;
A people from old bonds set free
 Shall make a city that will be
 The Southland’s real metropolis.

“These streets again with trade shall fill
 In volume never known of yore;
Here loom and press and forge and mill
 Shall pile the products of their skill,
 And wealth her garnered treasure pour.

"To these broad wharves shall commerce come
As come the countless birds in spring,
To straining sail and engine's hum
All lands and climes to swell the sum
Shall each abundant tribute bring.

"Here, too, in widening stream shall flow
Rich freights for other havens meant;
From mine, from field, the flood shall grow
Till from this port shall outward go
The spoil of half a continent.

"Here art shall rear memorials fair,
Still to her old ideals true,
And pilgrim throngs shall here repair,
While blooming park and statued square
The love of beauty shall renew.

"Here learning, too, shall have her seat
And call her youth from far and near
To gather wisdom at her feet
And draw an inspiration sweet
From the brave record of this year."

The voice at last in music died,
And rising up with radiant mien,
The goddess stood in joy and pride
Once more in very truth a queen;
And passed unto a place apart
To wait in happy certainty
The while the people of her heart
Wrought out the glorious prophecy.

The Great Fire occurred February 7-8, 1904. The above was written on the first anniversary of the event.

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE

Aye, still it stands, the schoolhouse old,
Beneath its leafy screen,
Though many years have o'er it rolled
Since last I left the scene.

What change is here! Storms and decay
Have sadly marred the place,
And tangled vines have hid the way
My feet were wont to pace.

I pass within the creaking door,
By lock no longer bound,
And tread again the dusty floor,
And wake the echoes round.

And long I gaze, as in a dream,
On the old room's remains,
In the fading bars of light that stream
Through broken window panes.

These dim old walls have held me oft
In boyhood's careless day;
At Wisdom's riches then I scoffed,
And thought of naught but play.

Ah! Memory flies on rapid wing
Back to that vanished time;
Again I hear the schoolbell ring
Its old familiar chime.

And every schoolmate boyhood knew
Troops in and takes his place,
And at his desk the master, too,
Presents his dreaded face.

And busy tongues I hear, that strive
In conning lessons o'er;
Like hum of bees within a hive,
Or water's far-off roar.

Then the master's well-used cane is heard,
As he raps with angry will,
And thunders, "Quiet." At the word,
The noisy hum is still.

It was but fancy, none are here;
They all long since have flown;
And I within the schoolroom drear
In silence stand, alone.

And where are they, my boyish friends?
Where lie their paths today?
What shape of fortune now attends
Them on stern manhood's way?

O'er death's dark river some have crossed,
Their journey early done;
In life's great battle some have lost,
And some have bravely won.

The sun sinks low behind the hills,
The schoolroom darker grows,
And far away the whippoorwills
Proclaim the daylight's close.

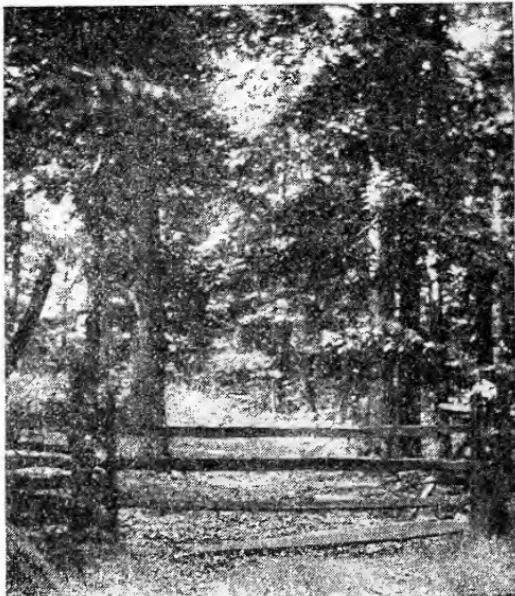
And, sad at heart, I turn away
And shut the creaking door;
Then gloom and silence hold their sway
About the place once more.

AT THE FOOT OF PARNASSUS

"Still at the foot," I sigh, and gaze
Across the intervening haze
Where fair Parnassus lifts its head
To heights I know I ne'er shall tread,
Though I desire it all my days.

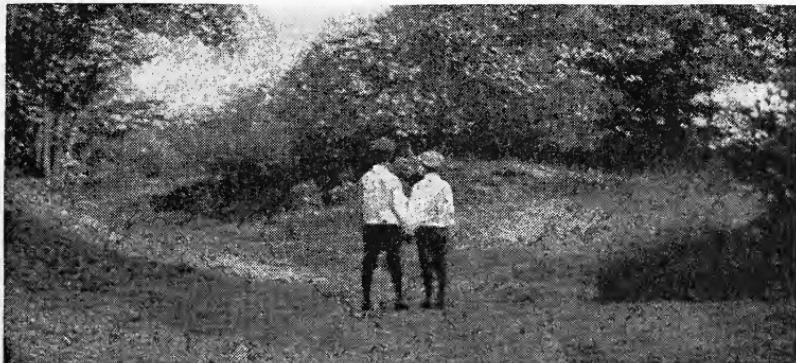
I see the shining temples blaze,
I hear the sound of noble lays,
As I the weary mazes thread,
 Still at the foot.

There, with the masters, glory stays;
To them the world its homage pays;
And long I've sought the paths that led
Their steps aright; but sore bestead,
I wander these neglected ways,
 Still at the foot.



**VERSES FROM
THE CHILDREN'S PAGE**

The verses in this section have nearly all appeared in the columns of a "Children's Page" issued by THE INTERNATIONAL SYNDICATE of this city. They are reproduced here with the kind permission of that company.



VERSES FROM THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

OUT OF DATE

The little tin horn and the bright red drum
On the toy-store shelf looked blank and glum,
For the Christmas shoppers came and went,
Each one on a chosen gift intent,
And all of them readily gave their pelf
For the brand-new things on the lower shelf,
But nobody wanted for any sum
The little tin horn and the bright red drum.

The little tin horn and the bright red drum
Watched all day long o'er the crush and hum
Of the struggling crowds, and saw depart
The latest toys of the makers' art,
And heard the children clamoring, too,
For the trains that ran and the ships that flew,
And shrank in their corner abashed and dumb—
The little tin horn and the bright red drum.

The little tin horn and the bright red drum
As the days passed by grew yet more glum,
For the New Child sneeringly called them "slow,"
And the Modern Boy craved "things that go,"

So still untouched by a buyer's hand
On the toy-store's high back shelf they stand
And wait for the calls that never come
For the little tin horn and the bright red drum.

THE ROCK-A-BYE TRAIN

Oh, who is for taking the Rock-a-bye train
That runs through to Dreamville by Slumberland
plain?

It starts every night, when the sun has gone down,
From the shadowy portals of Sleepyhead town;
The riding is easy, the coach superfine,
For faithful old Sandman has charge of the line,
And there's no noisy rattle—it's really a boon—
You travel along to a low pleasant croon;
And the fare is a trifle you hardly would miss,
It's only the giving of one good-night kiss—
What? Baby is going? Ho, Sandman, remain!
I've a passenger here for the Rock-a-bye train.

THE BOSS' TURN

"No, save your breath," the master said,
Unto the lad about to speak,
"I know you've got an aching head
And that you're feeling awful weak;
But here I fear you'll have to stay
So lay your illness on the shelf,
A double header's on today
And I'll be sick, I think, myself."

THE WINTER WALK

Some people say that Summer is the only time to walk
Or be outdoors, but Pop and me we don't believe that talk;

Why we go out the coldest days and tramp an hour or two,

And we see lots and lots of things that stay-homes never do.

And if the birds are gone away and all the flowers are dead,

The woods are full of evergreens and berries bright and red,

And crows are flying 'round the fields and calling far and loud,

Or gathering in the tree-tops like a big convention crowd.

And rabbits run across the road and scamper off so shy,
Or maybe squirrels, on some high limb, peep at you quick and sly;

And when the wind blows 'round the hill the leaves fly everywhere,

Or whirl off like a flock of birds upon the frosty air.

And if when we're a-walking out it should begin to snow,

We button up and hike along till we are all aglow,

And when we get back home again we look so fresh and strong,

That folks say, "My, but you look fine, I wish I'd went along."

THE FAITHLESS KNIGHT

With tearful face against the pane
She waits, the most forlorn of mortals;
No gallant knight, no fearless swain,
Appears to dare her prison portals.

She hears her father's sentence stern,
(And oh, the dread his accents carry!)
"Till you obedience shall learn
Within your chamber you must tarry."

And where is he, her champion brave,
Whose arm she thought would never fail her?
Why comes he not his love to save,
Or plead for pardon with her jailer?

Alas! the fickle, faithless churl,
(To think a lover thus should flout her!)
Is playing with "that other girl"
And doesn't care a thing about her.

A PRACTICAL YOUNG LADY

There once was a child of our Grandmother Eve
Who never was willing to play make-believe;
When a game was suggested this practical miss
Was full of objections to that and to this;
If told that a chair was a fast motor car
In which she must speed on a journey afar,
She would straightway declare that it couldn't be so;
"It's a chair," she would say, "not a car, as you know."
"But imagine its one," they would plead in despair—
It was all to no purpose, a chair was a chair,
And her obstinate humor would break up the play—
It's a terrible thing to be born that-a-way!

THE MARCH WIND'S MISSION

Hear ! Hear !

I have been sent to drive out Winter drear,
Sweep his ranks clear,
Smite front and rear,
Break down his ice forts and shiver each spear,
Till he appear
Humble with fear,
Ready to yield to the queen drawing near !

Boom ! Boom !

Hark to my guns that are sounding his doom !
Should he presume
To deny us our room
Swift will I scatter his legions of gloom ;
And though he fume,
Low shall his plume
Bow to the forces of sunlight and bloom !

Whoo ! Whoo !

Violets, daisies, I'm bringing to you ;
Buttercups, too,
Golden of hue,
Scattered like star-dust and gleaming with dew ;
Skies soft and blue,
Fields robed anew,
These will be yours when my mission is through !

EXPLAINING HIS FAILURE

No, sir ; it's not that I am dumb
When I miss lessons every day ;
It's 'cause I know so awful much
I don't know what is best to say.

DOIN' 'RITHMETIC

When Brother's doin' 'rithmetic
It's awful 'round our house,
I have to take my book and keep
As quiet as a mouse.

And if his sums are hard to do,
He makes a dreadful fuss;
He kicks his feet and pulls his hair,
And gets things in a muss.

And Mamma scolds like anything
At him for gettin' mad,
And Sister tries to help—Tell you
When he is done we're glad.

'Deed I am made behave so good,
I'd just as lief be sick
As be around where Brother is
When he does 'rithmetic.

PLAYING INDIANS

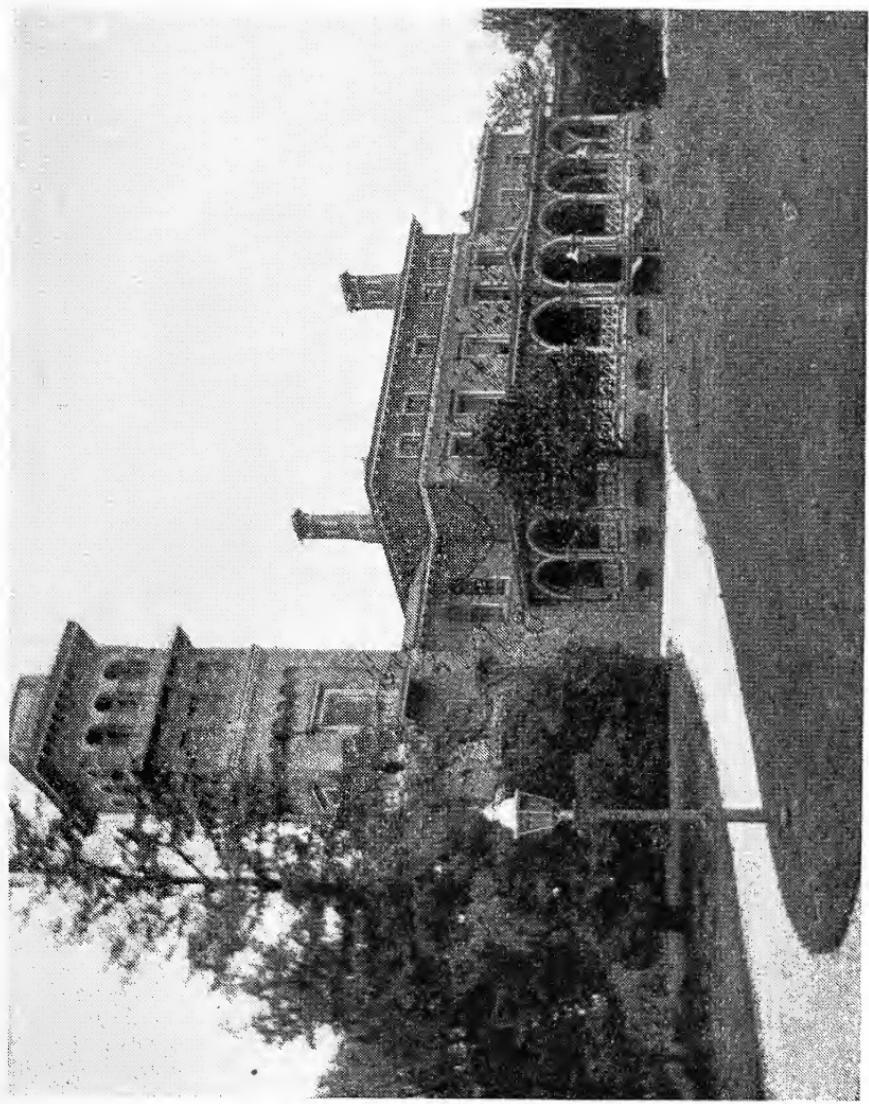
Indians on the warpath, better not go out;
Stealthy-footed warriors prowling all about.

After brave scout Harry; get him, too, I guess—
My! don't they look savage in their fighting dress?

Captured sister's dolly, shot the Teddy bear;
Gracious; how they're yelling, almost raise your hair.

Must have found poor Harry—what a dreadful fate;
There he goes a captive through the garden gate.

Doomed to cruel torture and to taunting shout—
Indians on the warpath, better not go out.



CLIFTON, CLIFTON PARK—The Old Home of Johns Hopkins

MOUNT CLARE, CARROLL PARK—The Oldest House in Baltimore



THE NEGLECTED BOY

There's a boy lives on our corner
'At I watch mos' every day,
In the street or yard or somers,
Allus at some kind o' play.

Muvver says 'at he's neglected,
An' finks it an awful shame,
But he never seems to mind it,
For he plays on jus' the same.

He makes dams across the gutter,
On the curbstone plays at shop;
Rolls his ball along the pavement,
Flies his kite an' spins his top.

He is allus out a-playin'
An' so happy doin' it,
'At I sometimes wish my muvver
Would neglect me jus' a bit.

THE BROOMSTICK HORSE

Mercy! Somebody stop him, pray!
The broomstick horse is running away;
He's plunging and tearing around the lawn,
I marvel his master can still hold on.

Here they come at a frantic pace,
The rider's curls blown back from his face;
Hat, too, gone and his clothes awry,
But a desperate courage is in his eye.

Ha! he has conquered; he draws the rein,
Broomstick horse, you struggle in vain;
Prance as you will and try to go,
Your master can manage you. Whoa, there, whoa!

GOING TO THE COUNTRY

We're a-goin' to the country where the trees an' flowers grow,
Papa said 'at he would take us an' he'll do it, too, I know;

We will get aboard the trolley an' go whirlin' far away
To the woods so green an' shady an' the fields where I can play.

For nobody owns the country, or at least they doesn't care,

An' you go just where you want to, on the grass or anywhere;

An' they let you pull the flowers an' chase after butterflies,

An' its all so big an' open—nothin' but the fields and skies.

An' we'll take a lunch-box with us an' we'll set down by a spring,

An' the way we'll eat sandwiches—bet we never leave a thing,

An' we'll just lay 'round an' joy it; hear the birds and watch the bees—

My, but I'm glad we're goin'—I can almost smell the breeze!

FIRST ONE IN

See the happy youngsters, racing through the wood,
For the old loved water, where the swimming's good.
Now they're at the pool side, and with shout and jest,
Each strives in undressing to outdo the rest.

Now white limbs a moment in the sunlight gleam,
As a lithe young body cleaves the glassy stream.

Then a head emerges, and above the din
Rings the cry of triumph, "I'm the first one in!"

A BUSY LITTLE MAN

Again he comes, on eager feet,
His wagon at his heels;
He pauses at my window seat
And for my trade appeals.

"What will you have?" I hear him ask
In brisk, storekeeper voice;
And I must lay aside my task
And gravely make my choice.

And he, as I each package name,
As gravely hands it out;
Then, with my note in pay for same,
He hurries on his route.

For cash, it seems, he little cares—
He knows my word is good;
And so I question not his wares
As strict housekeepers should.

I fear the coffee that I buy
Is pebbles, picked with care;
I dare not in the sugar pry,
For only sand is there.

My beefsteak is a sorry show—
I think it must be bone;
And for a loaf of bread I know
He's wrapped me up a stone.

But, bless his heart! I help his play
In every way I can;
And so he labors through the day
A busy little man.

A DREADFUL SHOCK

Good gracious! what a shock is this!
I surely must have heard amiss—
Our daughter, our delight, our bliss,
A suffragette?

She who oft hears the words I use
When reading of them in the *News*;
Who knows my most decided views—
Absurd; and yet,

When I went forth awhile ago,
My ballot in the scale to throw,
I found her at the door below
With hat and coat.

I greeted her in manner gay:
“Good morning, sweetheart, where away?”
She took my hand, I heard her say,
“Me want to vote!”

A FREAK

What! Don’t know baseball? Never play?
Well, for the love of Mike!
Where did you come from, anyway?
Who ever heard the like?

Why baseball is a thing, I thought,
That kids just have to know;
I can’t remember bein’ taught,
It seemed to kinder grow.

Say, you don’t know how much you’ve missed—
Baseball’s the ONLY game,
The best, the first one on the list,
To it the rest are tame.

You've been neglected, I'm afraid;
But come along with me,
I'll show you where the game is played
The way it ought to be.

The gang to teach you will be glad,
If what you say is true.
Gee whiz! I never thought earth had
As big a freak as you.

THE CIRCUS PARADE

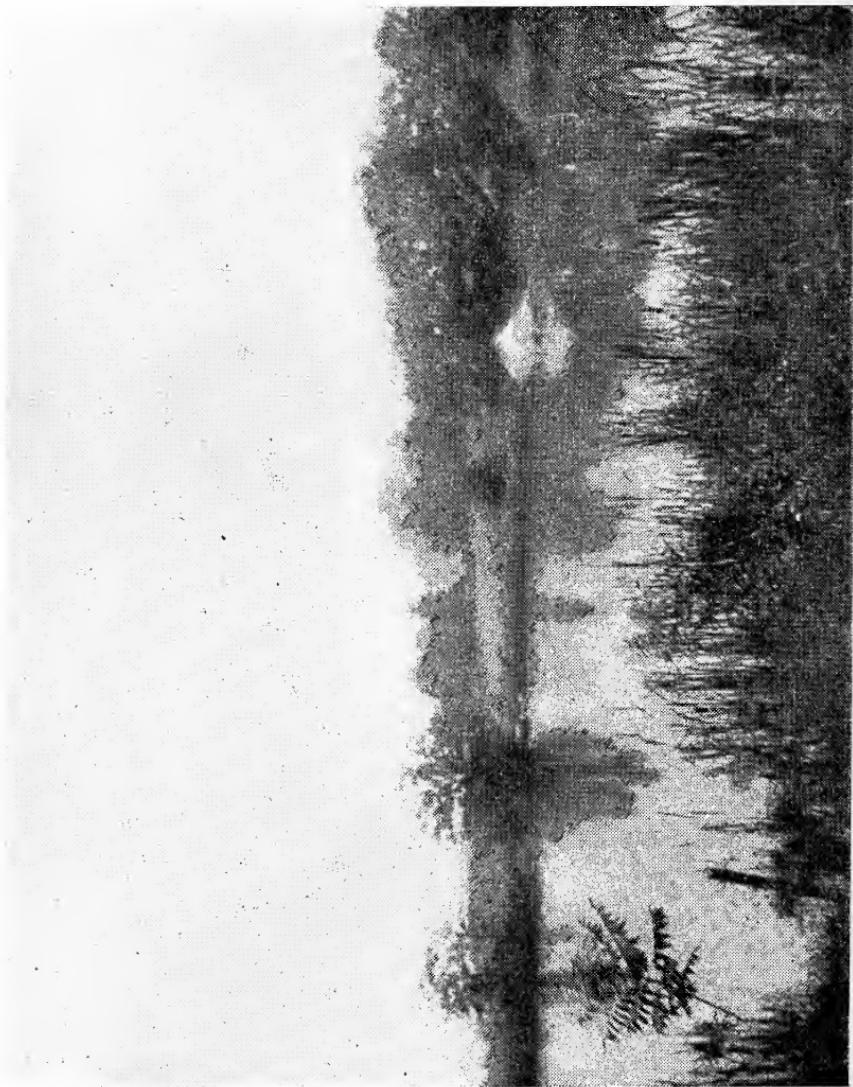
Of all the things there are to see,
The circus seems the best to me,
And when it comes to our town
My Mamma always takes me down
To where the big parade goes by
And there we stand and watch it—My
But it is fine—van after van
Fixed up with gold, all spick and span,
And drawn by horses sleek and strong,
With bands of music move along;
And they have open cages, too,
With bars across where you look through
And see the bears, all rough and brown,
And tigers pacin' up and down,
And lions with long yellow hair,
That look with such a scornful air,
As if they thought you was too small
For them to care about at all;
And they have clowns a-doin' stunts,
And lots of wobbly elefunts,
And men on camels ridin' free,
And rockin' like ships do at sea,
And all with flags and banners bright—
I think it's just the grandest sight.

A HUGE JOKE

Last Fourth we had fun, I tell you; I was up by break
of day
Out an' scoutin' round for Billy—he's my chum, across
the way;
We had made a "giant cracker," not a real one, under-
stand,
Just a make-believe of paper for some fun that we had
planned;
We had found an empty mail tube that for size was
zactly right,
And we took some dark red paper an' put 'round it
smooth an' tight;
Stuffed the end up, put a fuse in, made of cord, an' when
'twas done
You believe me it looked dandy—would a-fooled most
any one;
There was goin' to be some doins on the lawn beside
the school,
An' 'fore long the folks all gathered, sittin' 'round there
nice and cool,
When we sneaks up with our "giant," lights the fuse
and yells, "Look out!"
Soon's they saw it they went runnin' an' a-tumblin' all
about;
Mr. Jones, though, he played hero, jumped on our old
cracker, Bing!
Stamped the fuse out, mashed the tube in, just completely
wrecked the thing;
But when he saw how we'd fooled him with a dummy, he
looked daft,
An' the whole crowd got around him an' we laughed an'
laughed an' laughed.

BALTIMORE's "GRAND CANYON"—Washington Road, opposite Lansdowne





ONE OF BALTIMORE'S "GREAT LAKES"—There are five of them out Wilkens Avenue

A DISGUSTED PATRIOT

Like to know what's wrong with people,
Way they act gives me a pain,
With their talk of no more fireworks,
An' a Fourth that's safe an' sane.

Won't "permit" us shootin' crackers,
Nor skyrockets on a stick,
Roman candles, they're "unlawful"—
Bah! their old laws make me sick.

Let me, mebbe, have a pistol,
With a little sissy cap,
'Bout as good as strikin' matches;
Truck like that aint worth worth a rap.

Teacher says this is our birthday,
An' "we should observe the date";
What's the use of talkin' that way
Then not let us celebrate?

AT THE END OF HIS ROPE

"Gee! I would like to see the game,"
The youngster said, "but what's the use?
I've worked off sickness, moved, been lame,
And every other old excuse;
If I ask off the boss gets sore;
He'll turn me down, I know, and flat—
I'd bury Grandma just once more
If I thought he would stand for that."

THE LITTLE GARDENER

On sturdy legs I see him go
Across the grass, with rake and hoe,
To where his patch of garden lies,
In which with simple faith he tries
To raise each blessed thing that grows,
And puts the seed in rows on rows,
Then in a brief while digs it out
To see if it's begun to sprout;
And when a shoot of green appears,
He waves his hat and gives three cheers,
And drags in everybody 'round
To see what's growing in his ground;
Then digs again with freshened zeal,
And gathers dirt from head to heel,
And like the plants of his own soil
Grows strong and healthy with the toil.

THE SWING

Out on the lawn, by the spreading tree,
That's where I love to play;
There in the loop of my flying swing,
Riding away and away.

Up, high up, where the boughs branch out,
Down with a rush again;
Back and forth on the track I go,
Safe in my airy train.

Many the sights on the trip I see,
Out through the windows green;
Fields all gay with the summer flowers,
And broad roads in between.

And though traveling fast or slow
Over the old swing's space,
My coach will stop at the journey's end
Right at the starting place.

THE BICYCLE

My wheel, my wheel! My steed of steel,
Whose speed I often try;
My eager feet the pedals meet,
And down the road I fly.

Away, away! Let skies be gray
Or bright with glowing sun,
I have no care as on I fare
Upon a ten-mile run.

Afar, afar, where broad fields are,
Beyond the crowded town;
I conquer still the steepest hill
And go a-coasting down.

More slow, more slow my stout wheels go
Along the level vale;
My run is out, I turn about
And strike the homeward trail.

GOOD REASONING

Papa says that I'm a reg'lar little 'terrogation sign,
Says I ask so many questions he can hardly read a line.
Huh! I'd like to know how papa found out all the fings
he knows;
If he hadn't ast folks questions, would he learned 'em,
do you s'pose?

NOT A SUCCESS

Mamma, please look at my dolly,
Do you fink she'll dry out right?
Will her cheeks be ever rosy,
An' her hair get shiny bright?

What I done? Why I dess washed her
Like I see cook do for you;
She was oh! so awful dirty,
An' I fought she would look new.

So I put her in the washtub
An' I scrubbed hard as I could,
Made a lot of soapsuds on her,
But it didn't do no good.

For she won't get clean an' whitey
Like 'fings allus do for cook,
An' the harder 'at I scrub her
She will only worser look.

THE NOBLE FIREMEN

Clang! clang! The firemen's gong I hear,
Dear me! it must be somewhere near;
Yes, here they come at tearing pace,
And making for this very place.

Though not apparent to my gaze,
It seems our porch is all ablaze,
And up they dash and fall to work
The firemen who no duty shirk.

With pasteboard ax they hack the beams,
And pour imaginary streams

On what, according to their fuss,
Must be a fire most dangerous.

But see! the leader calls a rest,
The flames no doubt have been suppressed;
They load their wagon to depart,
Each having played a gallant part.

Stay! Mary, cake I pray you bring,
I think 'twould be the proper thing
To treat the firemen quick and brave
Who helped our property to save.

AN ARTIST

He begs my pencil, takes my store
Of paper clean and white,
Then laid full length upon the floor
He draws with great delight.

A very shaky looking square,
With pointed box outlined,
Portrays a house and garden fair
To his artistic mind.

Two dots within a wobbly ring,
Five strokes made anyhow,
And might be called most anything,
He tells me is a cow.

An upright stick with knob-like head
And arms, I name a tree,
But hear with crushing scorn instead
That it is meant for me.

SMOOTHING THE WAY

I had such a nice time, Mamma,
At the party where I went;
All the girls were fixed up lovely,
But we had an accident.

We had ice-cream, and we ate it
Sitting 'round just anywhere,
And one girl she got up talking
And put hers down on a chair.

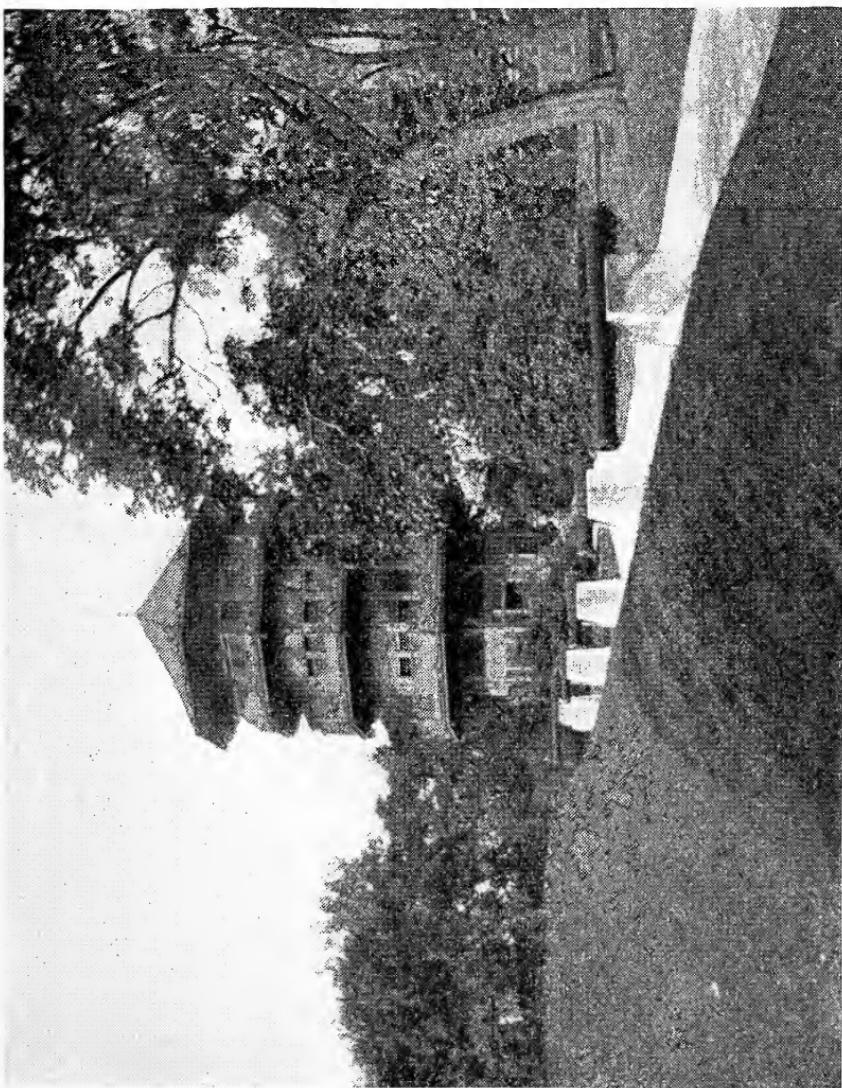
And the talk got so exciting,
She forgot her ice-cream quite,
And first thing she sat down in it--
My, it made her dress a sight!

Do you think they ought to scold her
'Cause she spoiled her nice new dress?
She was only little, Mamma,
Just about my age, I guess.

No? That's like my precious mamma,
I was sure you would agree,
And I'm glad to hear you say so,
For that little girl was me.

A PLEASANT DREAM

Said Tom, just aroused, with a pout,
"Now you've spoiled what my dream was about;
I thought I was deep
In a big candy heap
And had started to eat my way out."



OBSERVATORY, PATTERSON PARK—Showing Memorials of the Defence of Baltimore, 1814

STONY RUN, WYMAN PARK



THE SECRET OF THE LEAVES

The yellow maples told it first as they came spinning down
And stirred up a commotion in a group of chestnuts brown;
The chestnuts started quickly off, and raced across the lawn
And whispered to a lot of oaks, then scampered gaily on.
The oaks sprang up and followed in a flutter of delight,
And all the leafy colony awakened at the sight;
And hurrying and scurrying they came upon the gale
And gathered in the corners and commented on the tale.
It must have set them crazy quite, for every little while
A crowd would leave the shelter and whirl off in merry style,
And ever as the gust increased the mass would leap and bound,
Or get together in a ring and circle round and round.
Like folks who can't keep quiet when they hear a jolly tune,
They kept the thing a-going all the windy afternoon,
And night had fairly come before they had their frolic out—
I'm sorry that I didn't learn what it was all about.

OH, WHAT'S THE USE

“I stole three bases,” cried the lad,
Endeavoring to explain
To his fond mother how he had
The victory helped to gain.
“I’m glad you won,” his mother said,
“And proud of you I feel,
But son”—she sadly shook her head—
“’Twas very wrong to steal.”

THE FROST ELVES

When you and I have gone to bed,
Safe in the land of drowsyhead,
The tiny frost elves venture out
And work and frolic all about.

They ride down on the passing breeze,
And snip the dead leaves from the trees,
And flowers by the garden wall
Just feel their breath and down they fall.

They seek the stream, and in a trice,
Have built a bridge of crystal ice,
And leave it there for our delight
When Day brings back the morning bright.

And sometimes they get very bold
And come and fill the house with cold,
Through cracks in doors and windows creep,
And nip our noses where we sleep.

And sometimes, with a brush of air,
They fill the panes with etchings rare,
And all the time they move around
So quiet you can't hear a sound.

SKATING WEATHER

Jolly skating weather, sparkling, clear and cold;
Frozen ponds a-plenty for the skaters bold.
See the happy youngsters! rosy boy and girl,
On the ice-bound streamlet in a merry whirl.
Joyful shouts and laughter ring upon the air;
No one heeds a tumble, no one has a care.
Swift young feet are flying, skates flash in the sun,
Ears and noses tingle, but it's splendid fun.

SONG OF THE SNOWFLAKES

We hurry forth
From the icy north,
A swift and silent band,
And ride the blast
In numbers vast
When the Storm-King gives command.

We flutter down
From the mountain's crown
And haste o'er the frozen plains,
And we dance and leap
To the winds that sweep
Through the city streets and lanes.

We bring fresh joys
To girls and boys
Who laugh at the winter's chill,
And we make a bed
For the flying sled
Where we rest on the coasting hill.

We gather force
And steer our course
Where the smoke of traffic trails,
And curb the speed
Of the iron steed
As we cover his gleaming rails.

From place to place
We fly apace
Till we see the wintry sun
Peer from the sky,
Like a fiery eye,
Then we know our race is run.

THE BRAVE YOUNG GENERAL

The brave young General mounts his steed and holds
 his good sword high,
A dauntless courage in his breast and victory in his eye;
"Men, follow me!" I hear him call, though never my
 eyes behold

A sign of the troops that should arise at the voice of
 their leader bold.

And never I get a glimpse of the foes he crushes and
 puts to flight,

Nor the host of warriors hurt or slain in the course of
 the stubborn fight;

But the General sees them all, I know, and a conqueror's
 pride he feels

As he sits on the back of his painted horse, erect on its
 wooden wheels.

And so he plays at his soldiering and battles throughout
 the day,

And harries the ranks of his enemies till he drives them
 far away;

For when you are playing at make believe you never can
 lose, it seems,

But are ever a triumphing hero brave, as we all are in
 our dreams.

THE SNOW-MAN AND THE SUN

The stuck-up Snow-Man glared at the Sun,
 As if he would question why

His noble shape should be looked upon
 By the Sun with scornful eye.

And the angry Sun glared back at him,
 And flushed to a deeper red,

Then smiled at the Snow-Man's foolish whim,
 And passed on his way o'erhead.

And playfully down on the Snow-Man's face
The Sun sent his warmest beam,
Till the helpless Snow-Man raged in his place,
And the tears began to stream.

And the Snow-Man cried in his wrath and pain,
And his form grew frail and thin,
And he saw that he never would be again
The man that he once had been.

And at last when the Sun went down at night,
At the edge of the distant wood,
There was only a little mound of white
To show where the Snow-Man stood.

MOST TOO REAL

We was playin' horses jus' the other day,
An' I was the driver, as we 'greed to play;

Johnny he was harnessed as the horse, you know,
An' he cut up balky—didn't want to go.

An' he kept a-backin' an' a-prancin' round,
Wouldn't let me drive him, but a way I found,

For while he was rarin', I picked up a stick
An' to stop his antics I give him a lick.

Not a hard one, mind you, jus' a little crack,
My, the way he hollered, thought I'd broke his back,
He was all for quittin', cried it wasn't fair—
I said, "They whip horses when they pitch and rear."

BLOSSOM TIME

Blossom time's a-coming,
Children soon may go
To the fresh green country
Where the flowers grow.

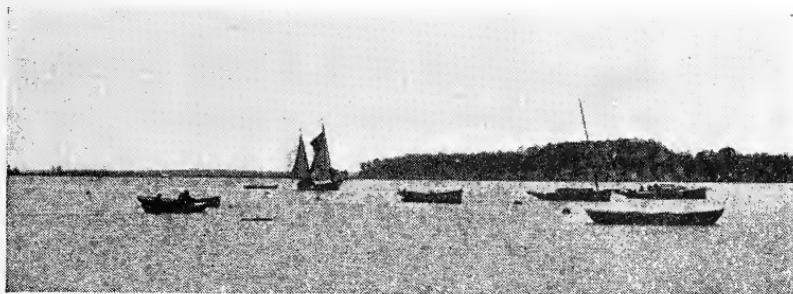
Buttercups and daisies,
Now low in their beds,
Over all the meadow
Then will lift their heads.

Every sunny morning
Brings the joy more near;
Blossom time's a-coming—
It is almost here.



**BALLADS OF
THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR
AND OTHER
NARRATIVE PIECES**

In these ballads of the Spanish-American War the author has attempted to celebrate in verse some of the more notable happenings of that stirring time—a period that has been strangely neglected by our poets. The verses on the Johnstown calamity which conclude the book are based on an incident that, although the papers were full of it at the time, it is now claimed never happened. At the hour the unknown rider was said to have dashed through the city, the streets were full of water and impassable save by swimming.



BALLADS OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

I

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MAINE

(Blown up in Havana Harbor, Feb. 15, 1898)

Up from the night of the Cuban seas
The cable flashes a terrible tale,
And the people wake from their dreams of ease
And turn to the message stern-browed and pale ;
Black is the tidings that greets their ken,
Deep are the curses on Spain's head hurled—
Two hundred, sixty and six good men
And a brave, stout ship blown out of the world !

'Twas not in War's remorseless strife,
Nay, not in battle was dealt the blow ;
In a friendly port, in the pride of life,
They were sent to their doom by an unseen foe ;
Sent without time for a prayer or cry,
Sent without ever a warning sign ;
One moment peace 'neath the evening sky,
The next Death leaped from the buried mine.

Disclaim the deed if you will, O Spain,
And courteous sympathy, too, extend,
But there in your bay lies our ruined *Maine*,
And we can but remember her bitter end.

For it's just like many a cruel act
That has marked your record from first to last,
The innocent slaughtered, the prisoner racked,
And lands laid waste where your foot has passed.

But now you've a different foe to face ;
'Twas on no weakling you wrought this wrong ;
You have waked the wrath of a mighty race
And the cry for vengeance is loud and strong.
Then gather your ships from the crimson seas,
Muster your men on the blood-stained land ;
No more will you torture and slay as you please,
For the hour of reckoning is at hand.

II

THE VOYAGE OF THE "OREGON"

(March 19 to May 26, 1898. Distance, 13,587 miles)

Unto Clark on board the *Oregon* in San Francisco Bay
Came the order, "Join the squadron at Key West without
delay,"
And the message, brief, laconic, filled with joy each
sailor's heart,
For they knew that war impended and they wished no
idle part.
So with eagerness they started from the far Pacific shore
On their continent-circling voyage, thirteen thousand
miles and more ;
Little recked they of the distance, all they cared about
was speed,
And their only fear the engines, lest they fail them at
their need ;
But they threw the coal in boldly and the ship raced
down the coast,
Tearing through the foaming waters like a grey avenging
ghost ;
Never slackening, never staying, till the Andes came in
view,

When she headed for Callao on the shores of old Peru.
Then, her bunkers heaped with fuel, out she went to
sea again,
And the smoke streamed from her funnels in a cloud
across the main,
And the miles fell fast behind her as she sped upon her
course
To the throbbing of her engines, driving on with tireless
force.
Oft the night the day succeeded, and again the day the
night,
As she ploughed the Southern waters in her unremitting
flight,
Till she reached the icy regions where the storm-winds
ever wait,
And with lessened speed she entered into bleak Magellan
Strait.
On between the rocky islands, past the mountains
crowned with snow,
Through the narrow, winding channels, steaming cau-
tiously and slow;
Yet advancing, pressing forward to the brightening
eastern shore,
Soon she rode the broad Atlantic and went racing on
once more.
And the engines answered nobly as the sailors heaved
the coal,
Cutting rapidly the distance yet between them and the
goal,
And ere long they came to Rio and learned war had been
declared
And that Spain was on the ocean with her ships for
fight prepared.
Then forthwith, the bunkers laden, and with every heart
aglow,
Out they pushed into the open with a keen eye for the
foe;

And they steered the brave ship onward up the vast
reach of Brazil,
All hands ready for the Spaniard should he try to work
them ill.
Day by day she speeded northward, unmolested crossed
the line,
Skirted round the outer Indies, steaming on through
storm and shine,
Till the green hills of Barbados rose above the swelling
foam,
Where she coaled once more and started on the last
long stretch for home.
And the faithful engines drove her swiftly toward the
Spanish isles,
But no foe came forth to meet her as she ran the lessening
miles;
And without mishap or hindrance she pursued her home-
ward way,
And at last attained the waters where the waiting
squadron lay.
Then, what shouting! what rejoicing! as she raced
across the tide,
With her flags and pennants streaming and the white
spray spurting wide;
How they manned the sides and cheered her as she
swept along the line,
While the whistles shrieked a welcome and the bands
played "Auld Lang Syne."
And when Spain a little later with her ships our cruisers
dared,
In the forefront was the *Oregon* and in the victory
shared;
And Spaniards on that fatal day that saw their fleet
undone
Learned that the gallant battleship could fight as well
as run.

III
DEWEY AT MANILA
(May 1st, 1898)

From China's shores they steamed away
To where the Spanish squadron lay
In strength within Manila Bay
 Beneath Cavite's guns.
Their orders, "Capture or destroy,"
They knew would well their strength employ,
Yet to the work they went with joy,
 Like Freedom's warrior sons.

They recked not of the foeman's force,
They scorned the dangers in their course,
But trusting in their chief's resource,
 They entered in the bay;
They passed by grim Corregidor,
Slipped 'tween the sleeping forts ashore,
And through the night straight onward bore
 Where Dewey led the way.

And when the tropic morning broke,
And Spaniards from their slumbers woke,
They saw his bold fleet's sombre smoke
 Against the crimson sky;
Then to their arms they sprang in haste,
And decks were cleared and guns were placed,
And soon across the vapory waste
 The shells began to fly.

But fearless Dewey no whit stayed
For all their furious cannonade,
But steered in battle line arrayed,
 Through the confusion dire;
Till as the sun burst full and red
Above the mists that 'round him spread,
He to brave Gridley turned and said,
 "When ready, you may fire!"

Out blaze the ships with thunderous roar,
Olympia first, then *Baltimore*,
Raleigh and *Petrel* swell the score,
Concord and *Boston*, too!

Around they go, then back again,
 While shot and shell are poured like rain,
 The cry goes up, "Think of the *Maine*,
 And give the dogs their due."

Then from the stifling smoke and heat
 They for a breathing space retreat
 And break their fast, ere they complete
 The victory so near won;
 Then back they steer, the stricken foe,
 His boats afire, his men laid low,
 Prepares him for the final blow,
 And answers gun for gun.

But Spanish ships are bathed in blood,
 And many sink beneath the flood,
 Or fast in Canacao's mud
 Become of flames the prey;
 And Dyer with the *Baltimore*
 Has crushed the batteries ashore,
 And Stars and Stripes alone float o'er
 Wreck-strewn Manila Bay.

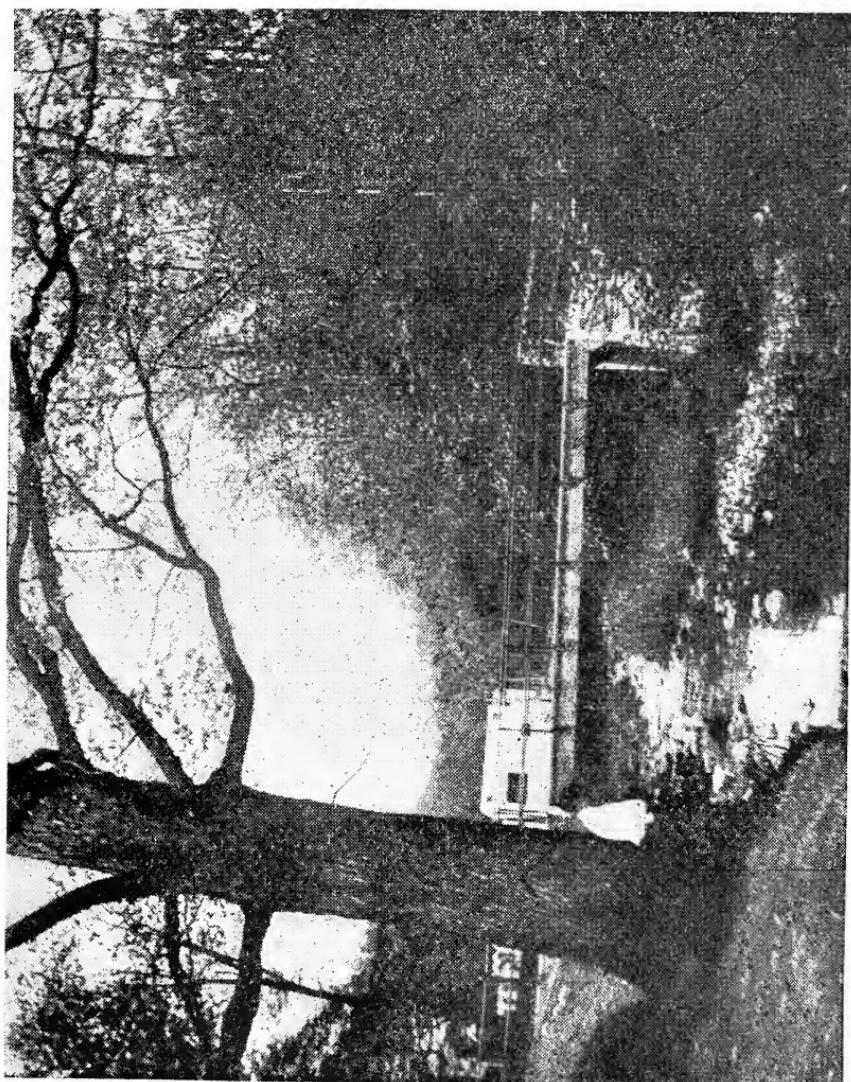
IV

THE MARINES AT GUANTANAMO

(Guantanamo Bay, June 10 to 19, 1898)

On Cuban soil they placed them,
 A dauntless little band,
 Where cruel Death could waste them,
 And bade them hold the land;

A FOOTBRIDGE—Western Run, Mt. Washington





LAKE MONTIBELLO—A Part of Baltimore's Water Supply

Through days and nights to swelter,
Or fight the skulking foe,
That our ships might have shelter
In blue Guantanamo.

Not theirs to know the pleasure
That gallant warriors feel,
When armed strength they measure,
To meet foes worth their steel,
But just to battle only
With lurking shapes of dread,
Through night-long watches lonely
Whence zest of strife had fled.

By day the heat was deadly,
And with the setting sun,
The woods around flashed redly
With many a Spanish gun;
And men in trenches lying
Raged at their helplessness,
Till nerves and brain were crying
For respite from the stress.

But still they kept undaunted
Their camp beside the bay,
And still their bright flag flaunted
Above them where they lay,
Till help came o'er the water,
Then up they rose in might,
And drove with vengeful slaughter
The cravens far in flight.

And then from hill and shoreland
There rose a joyful din,
And past the broad bay's foreland
The ships came steaming in;

Henceforth to lie defended
 Whatever storms might blow,
 For Spanish rule is ended
 In blue Guantanamo.

V

THE END OF THE SPANISH FLEET

(Destroyed off Santiago, July 3, 1898)

Safe in Santiago Bay
 All the Spanish squadron lay,
 And the fleet of Sampson guarded at its mouth;
 Said the admiral, "Let no ship
 From the harbor seaward slip,"
 Then he steamed away on duty to the south.

Fiercely blazed the tropic sun,
 Though the day had but begun,
 And to work the men moved sluggishly about,
 When the watch sent up a cry:
 "Pass the word along to Schley—
 Tell the commodore the foe is coming out!"

Changed the scene in briefest space,
 Every man leaped to his place,
 While the *Brooklyn* flew the signal "clear for fight."
 And the gun crews shouted hoarse
 As the engines gathered force,
 And the fleet closed up to stay the Spaniards' flight.

Out they came in smoking line,
 Turning west with one design,
 To run down the Cuban coast and out to sea;
 Four stout cruisers, black and grim,
 Two destroyers, swift and slim,—
 Shall they then escape our vessels and go free?

Nay! *Iowa*, hurl your shell,
Indiana, smite them well,
Pour your broadsides, gallant *Texas*, till they quail;
Little *Gloucester*, show your sting,
Take them, *Oregon*, a-wing,
Let no ship bear back to Spain the battle's tale.

Brooklyn, yonder is your prey!
See! *Vizcaya* steals away,
And the *Christobal Colon*, their boast and pride;
Now 'tis yours to serve our need,
Force your fires, increase your speed,
Overhaul them in their flight whate'er betide.

And the *Brooklyn*, swift of keel,
Drove her prow of shining steel
Through the shell-erupted waters undismayed;
And the *Oregon* joined in
With her long guns' fearful din,
And upon the flying cruisers havoc made.

In an hour all were gone,
Save alone the fast *Colon*,
That far-off adown the coast still fought and fled;
But brave Schley clung to the chase,
And bold Clark steamed up apace,
While across the waters sang the missiles dread.

Then the foe foresaw his fate,
And twixt dastard fear and hate,
Turned and ran his conquered ship on the shore;
And the battle-flag of Spain
O'er the peaceful Western main
Will unfurl its "blood and gold" nevermore!

A TAILOR-MADE GHOST STORY

Having heard a doubtful story on my friend, Philander Smith,

I started out to learn if it was true or but a myth;
So I said to him severely, when in private we were met,
"I am pained to hear, Philander, you repudiate a debt.
You admit the allegation? Then be pleased to tell me straight

Why you a trifling tailor's bill refuse to liquidate."

Philander mused a moment, then he raised his truthful eyes,

And with earnestness of manner, he responded in this wise.

"The debt which you refer to was contracted for a suit
That I wanted for the party of the wealthy Miss De Boot,
And it would have been adjusted like all matters of the kind

Had not a strange adventure brought about a change of mind.

I returned home from the party very late and nearly dead,

And was wearily preparing to dispose myself in bed,
When a shadowy sort of something came between me and the light,

And I turned to see a figure that o'erwhelmed me with affright;

A partly shrouded skeleton was standing by my chair,
Regarding my new garments with an interested air,
And while my startled senses whirled in chaos through my head,

It finished its inspection and upon me turned and said,
'No doubt you greatly wonder what it is that brings me here,

Well, the fact is we grave dwellers find existence rather drear;

So to wake things up a little we are going to give a ball,
And that little innovation is the reason of my call;
For lacking proper garments the diversion to attend,
I have journeyed here this evening the deficiency to
mend;

Having heard your reputation in the matter of attire,
I calculated *you* could furnish just what I desire.'
Then it grinned at me so meaningly my knees together
smote,

And my heart forsook my bosom and climbed up into
my throat,

But I mustered all my courage and I said in accents
stern,

'My ghostly friend, I rather think you've struck the
wrong concern;

I do not keep a clothing store, nor do I suits supply
To wandering cadavers who would earthly pleasures try,
And, pardon the suggestion, but it really seems to me
You need a coffin more than anything that I can see.'
Thus I spoke, in manner fearless, but the figure gave no
heed,

But continued, 'This before me is about the thing I need,
So make haste and hand it over, for the night is on the
wane,

And before the morning brightens I must be at home
again.'

Then I cried, 'You shall not have it,' when a chill upon
me fell,

And my strength and will departed, banished by some
dreadful spell,

And I handed forth my garments, though it nearly broke
my heart,

And the figure seized upon them and made ready to
depart,

When I found the voice to utter, 'Will they no more
meet my view?

I had just begun to wear them, and the tailor lacks his due.'

'What!' the figure shrieked, 'you tell me that the bill is yet unpaid?

That a rule I've nearly broken which I all my life obeyed?

There! take back your cheap apparel, in my life I never wore

E'en a single piece of clothing that had not been settled for,'

And with that it threw them at me, knocking me from out my chair,

And when I struggled to my feet no sign of it was there.

And on waking in the morning there my clothing lay outspread

Where the dreadful thing had thrown them when it knocked me down and fled;

But whether it was real or not, there's one thing very plain,

I don't propose to have the same experience again;

And, fearing that it might return and take my suit away,
I don't intend to pay the bill this side the judgment day."

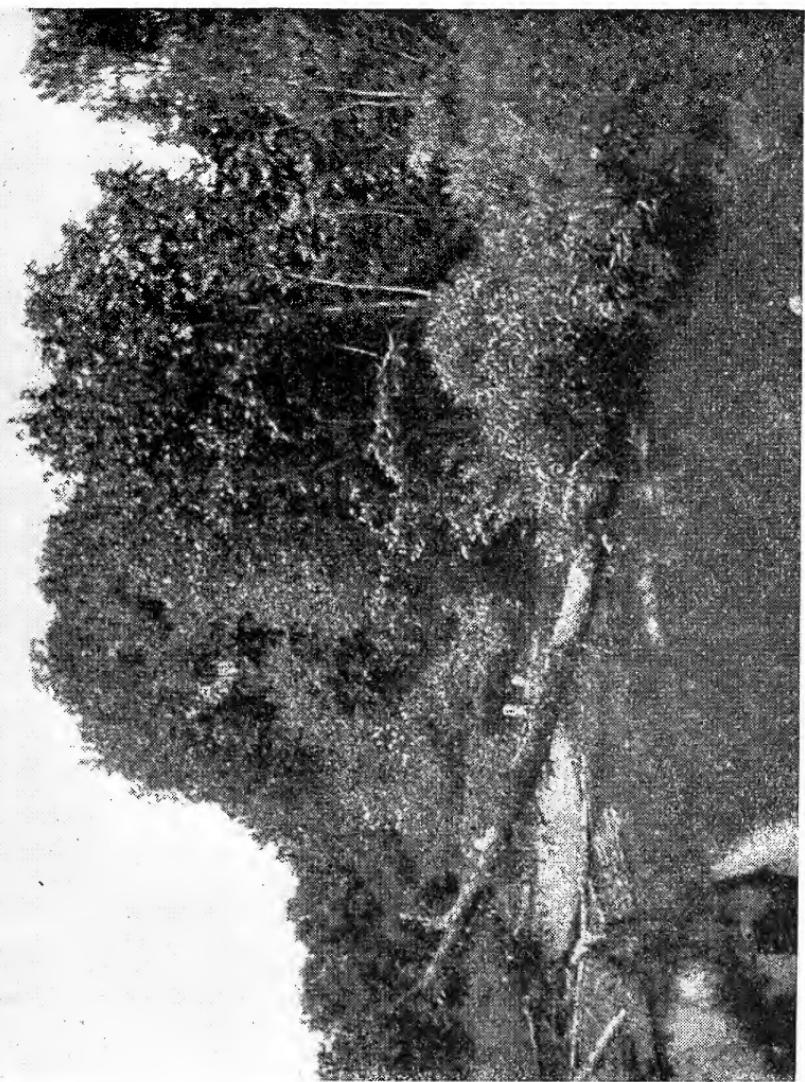
THE CITY OF FAILURE

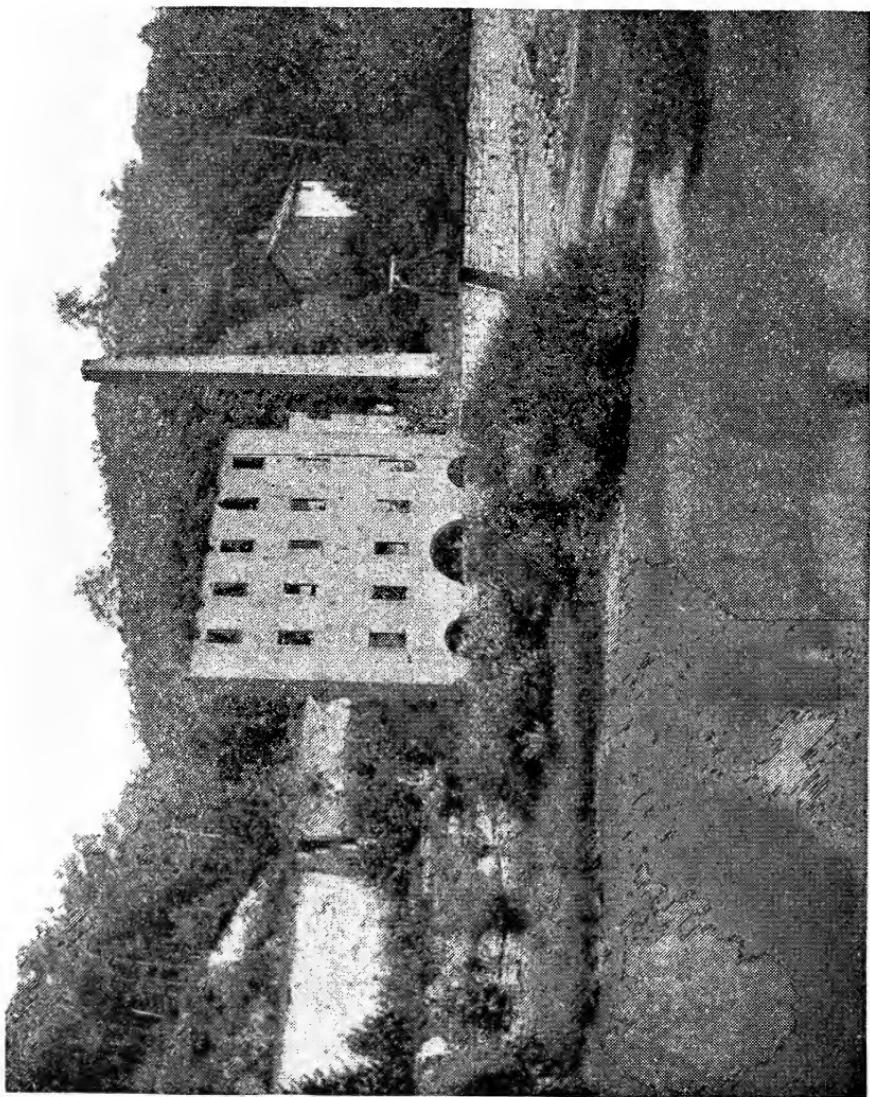
A FANTASY

Methought I journeyed in an unknown land,
A place unlike aught I e'er saw or fancied,
Where of myself I had no more command,
But moved by some strange power, like one entrancèd.

Some subtle force, from whence I gathered strength
To cross o'er leagues of dearth and desolation
Until I reached a ruined wall at length,
'Neath which I paused in sudden trepidation.

AN OBSTRUCTION—Herring Run, near Philadelphia Road





RUINED MILL—Orange Grove, Patapsco Valley

A massive gate across my pathway hung,
Between two towers that marked some city's border,
But from their heights no flaunting banner swung,
Nor saw I sign of sentinel or warder.

I ventured on, and slowly drawing near,
I thought, they either sleep or are dissembling;
And as my courage gained upon my fear,
I gave a feeble hail, and waited, trembling.

My voice awoke the echoes of the place,
A jeering troop that mocked me with their riot—
They raged about me for a moment's space,
Then sank again to their primeval quiet.

Naught else replied; upon the towers vast
No watch appeared, nor any living mortal,
And so I thrust the gate aside and passed,
With quaking heart, unchallenged through the portal.

Within, a mighty city met my gaze,
With streets and lanes in seeming chaos blending,
But plunging into the perplexing maze,
I pushed ahead to learn my journey's ending.

The street I entered seemed devoid of life,
Throughout its gloomy length no one was stirring;
No moving to and fro in busy strife,
No healthy sounds of toil, no wheels a-whirring.

The roadway had become a tangled mass
Of weeds and vines that for its bed contested,
And on the pave the interloping grass
Thrust forth from every crevice unmolested.

Neglect had made a ruin everywhere,
Each weed-grown walk and crumbling habitation
Showed that the place was dead to human care,
And all was left to time's despoliation.

So lonely it appeared, a sense of awe,
A feeling as of death's dread presence thrilled me,
Till, passing on my way, ere long I saw
Some signs of life, whereat new courage filled me.

Some creatures of my kind, that I descried,
Not far ahead the grass-grown pathway threading,
And hoping for some speech, with quickened stride,
I drew beside them, wondering, yet dreading.

My presence seemed to waken no surprise,
No token gave they whither they were faring,
But with despondent steps and weary eyes
They moved along, unheeding and uncaring.

Awhile I kept their apathetic pace,
Then seeking one who less indifferent bore him,
I asked where dwelt the ruler of the place—
He raised his hand and pointed on before him.

I looked, and in the distance I beheld
A noble palace rising fair and stately,
And straight, by that strange power still impelled,
My steps I thither turned precipitately.

A noble pile it was as e'er I saw,
Although its beauties had with time diminished,
And closer view discovered many a flaw
Where careless hands had left their work unfinished.

The massive steps that to the entrance led
Had, like the walls, in places cracked and crumbled,
And from the sculptured portico o'erhead
Great blocks of stone upon the pave had tumbled.

Awhile I stood with purposes at war,
Still swayed between advancing and retreating;
And oft I scanned the throng about the door,
But no one stirred or gave me word of greeting.

All were as silent as the crumbling stone,
Nor could I see that any there kept sentry;
And when my foolish fancies were o'erthrown,
I pushed into their midst and gained the entry.

I found myself within a spacious hall,
Filled with the fruits of human undertaking;
Books, models, pictures, carvings, statues, all
The varied objects of man's patient making.

I pondered long upon their presence there,
Not that they lacked in beauty or in meetness,
But everything I saw, though seeming fair,
Had some defect or look of incompleteness.

There was no perfect work about the place,
No masterpiece the faults of all redeeming;
Nor saw I anywhere a human face
That with the light of victory was beaming.

No countenance that wore a happy look,
As of success achieved through hard conditions,
But on them all I read, as in a book,
Of blasted hopes and unfulfilled ambitions.

It was a place of sadness and of gloom,
Whose stagnant life nor time nor season altered;
And as I moved from crowded room to room,
My heart grew heavy and my footsteps faltered.

Yet must I learn who ruled this drear domain,
And so I passed—my fears at length permitting—
To where enthroned amid his solemn train
The city's master sat in state befitting.

His court was all in shadow—cobwebs gray
Across each window hung a dusty curtain,
Through which the sun sent in a sickly ray
That made all things within vague and uncertain.

I entered straight, and sought the ruler's throne
Before my fears could from my purpose win me,
But as I strove to make my wishes known,
I met his gaze, and courage died within me.

Transfixed I stood beneath his eyes' dark spell,
While brief he spoke in tones that made me cower :
"My name is Failure; lest you here would dwell,
Fly ere you feel my spirit's blighting power!"

THE DEATH SHIP

AN OLD WHALER'S STORY

"'Tis many a year since forth we sailed
To tempt the Arctic seas;
The land upon our vision failed,
The southern stars behind us paled,
And northward blew the breeze.

We reached the land of ice and snow,
The ship caught in the drift;
The ice-stream bore us to and fro,
Nor forward, backward, could we go,
Save as the ice would shift.

The thick green wall on either side
Enclosed us like a tomb;
The mists rolled downward in a tide,
We heard the icebergs crash and slide,
And thought it told our doom.

The mists arose. Aslant the mast
The sun at midnight shone;
And still the ice-king held us fast,
And still the days unchanging passed
Until a month had flown.

The tedious term ran on—one day
A vessel came in sight.
Across the ice we made our way,
But as we drew near where she lay,
She seemed deserted quite.

She sent no answer to our hail
Though we in chorus roared;
We clambered o'er the icy rail,
We saw a sight that made us quail—
Death only was on board.

The dead were here, the dead were there,
They had a frightful look;
A dead man filled the captain's chair
And gazed with empty, ghastly stare
Upon an open book.

I took the volume green with mold,
A dreadful tale I read;
And oh, the might of Arctic cold!
Since last the pen the date had told,
Full twenty years had fled.

A sudden terror on us fell,
And from the ship we rushed;
We could not break the awful spell,
Like men allowed a glimpse of hell,
We were in spirit crushed.

At last the ice-fields cracked amain,
And open sea appeared;
The sails that long had idle lain
Grew rounded in the breeze again,
And south the helmsman steered."

THE CAVE A TRAVELER'S TALE

This is the tale as it came to me
From the bearded lips of my gray-haired guide,
As we lay in the shade of a spreading tree
And smoked our pipes on the mountain side:
"I never journey among these hills
But my heart anew with horror thrills,
And memory brings back fresh and clear
A dread adventure I met with here.
I was in the prime of manhood then,
Strong and active beyond most men;
Fond of hunting and roaming about,
And glad as a boy could I but be out.
In tramping 'round with my gun one day,
The chase of a fox led me this way,
And I followed him close and found his lair,
A hole 'neath a rock in the valley there.
I stooped to take a look at the place
When a current of air blew o'er my face,
A breath of a warm, dry atmosphere,
And I cried at once, "A cave is here!"
With my hunting-knife I scraped away
From the narrow cleft the earth and clay,
Till I thought the opening amply wide
To enable me to crawl inside;
But first, with a hunter's clear foresight,
I gathered some resinous boughs for light,
Then with much trouble and frequent pause
I worked my way in the cavern's jaws.
Within I quickly kindled a blaze
And gazed around by the feeble rays
To see what manner of place I'd found
Thus hidden away beneath the ground.
I found myself in a gallery small,
Scarce six feet wide from wall to wall,
But stretching out in the further gloom

To a space my torch could not illumine.
The floor was a stiff, tenacious clay,
With an upward slope as the valley lay,
And down its slippery, winding length
There ran a stream of goodly strength.
I took my torch in a firmer grip
And began my subterranean trip,
Taking the streamlet for my guide
And pressing on with eager stride.
The cavern opened as I advanced,
And my torch in many a byway glanced,
And strangest figures and shapes in stone
In the flickering light a moment shone;
Pillars, white as the new-born snow,
Rose up from the floor, row after row,
And curtains wrought with gorgeous woof
Hung motionless from the studded roof.
I wandered onward, charmed, amazed
By the many wonders at which I gazed,
Till I came to a lake that stopped my course,
And which I found was the streamlet's source.
I swung my flaming pine-knot high
And stared around with straining eye,
But could not fathom the lake's extent,
Nor see the roof that above it bent.
I tossed a stone high overhead,
And it sunk far out in the lake's dark bed,
And the ripple that started where it fell
Struck some distant cliff like a silvery bell.
Then a foolish wish came in my mind—
I wonder yet I could be so blind—
But to hear my gun there I desired,
And I pointed it up at the roof and fired.
Heavens! the din that followed that shot;
While I breathe it never will be forgot;
The terrible sound ran to and fro
And smote on my ears as with a blow.
To the uttermost parts of the cave it fled,

With fainter roar as it further sped,
Then back again in a swelling tide,
By a thousand echoes multiplied.
I seized my gun in frantic haste
And down the gallery's slope I raced,
Recking nothing of blows or falls,
Nor aught but escape from the cavern's walls.
On I ran in my headlong course,
Till I struck a wall with fearful force,
And back on the wet earth tumbled prone,
With no more life than the senseless stone.
How long I lay there I cannot say.
My torch still showed a feeble ray
When life returned to my dizzy brain
And my sluggish pulses moved again.
I struggled up and fanned my light
Till it made the cavern chamber bright,
And my eyes at once an object found
That held me there in wonder bound.
'Twas one of the pine boughs I had left
When first I crawled through the narrow cleft
Of the cavern's mouth; 'twas the self-same place,
But of the cleft there wasn't a trace.
I searched the rocky wall all o'er,
Tried every crevice from roof to floor,
And at last I learned with a dreadful shock
That my shot or something had altered the rock
And shut me there in a living tomb,
With never a soul to know my doom.
At first I felt a furious rage
And splintered my gun-stock on my cage,
Then threw the useless barrel aside
And sat me down on the stones and cried.
But when I had somewhat calmer grown,
I stood my torch on a jutting stone.
And gathered the fragments, every one,
That had fallen from my splintered gun,

And a cheerful fire with these I made
Which soon dispelled the cavern's shade ;
Then taking my torch I sought the slope
Where the streamlet ran, with growing hope.
In a bright cascade the water fell
And sank from sight in a sort of well,
Slipping away far underground
With a ceaseless, bubbling, gurgling sound.
Long while in its troubled depths I gazed,
And at length my thoughts into action blazed ;
I picked the stones from the cavern floor
Till beside the well I had a score ;
Then into the narrow opening there
I tumbled them with greatest care,
And rejoiced to see they filled the space
So that little water could leave the place ;
Then from the floor I tore away
Huge handfuls of the stiff red clay,
And into each crack I let it drop
Till the water flowed from the well's rough top
And over the floor began to wind,
For thus I had thought escape to find ;
By turning the stream from its former course,
And make it an outlet elsewhere force
An opening large enough for me
To work my way to liberty.
My torch by this was almost gone
And the darkness swiftly coming on,
So I climbed again o'er the rocks and mud
To a safer place above the flood ;
Far up the slope I found a ledge,
And scrambled over its ragged edge,
But dropped in the act my bit of light
And sat there whelmed in blackest night.
Till then I had hardly felt a fear,
But the frightful gloom and the silence drear
And the thought that I there might end my life

Struck through my heart like the thrust of a knife.
Thus I sat for hours and scarcely stirred,
Till the gathering waters beneath I heard,
By which I knew that the rising tide
Was slowly climbing the cavern's side.
Higher it rose and further it spread,
Till it lapped the ledge where I stood in dread;
Upward it crawled by slow degrees,
Over my ankles, over my knees,
Up to my waist its cold line grew,
While a newer terror my senses knew;
But ere the water had reached my face,
A thunderous sound rang through the place,
And the outward surge of the rushing flood
Tore me away from where I stood,
Bore me along on its mighty wave
Down the gallery's length and out of the cave,
Threw me at last against the hill,
Where I lay exhausted and bruised and still,
While the unchained torrent past me poured
And on down the valley raged and roared
Till the cave was dry, then it died away
To the quiet stream that you see today."

"RUN TO THE HILLS!"

(An Incident of the Johnstown Calamity, May 31st, 1889)

"Run to the hills! Run to the hills!"
Through the doomed valley the warning it thrills!
Cried by a rider, whose foam-covered steed
Carries him onward with marvelous speed,
Bearing the news to the populous town
Of the death-dealing deluge hurrying down.
Shouting his cry, through the gathering gloom
The messenger hurries, a herald of doom;
Behind him the waters are rushing along
Like a legion of tigers, blood-hungry and strong;
And on through the valley that warning it thrills,
"Run to the hills! Run to the hills!"

“Run to the hills! Run to the hills!”
It rings through the streets, all the city it fills!
Preceding the rush of the terrible flood,
That signal of danger but half understood,
Received with a jest or incredulous jeer,
Scoffed at and doubted when death was so near;
Yet ever along on unwavering course
The messenger flies on his furious horse,
And nearer and clearer is heard the roar
Of the mighty torrent he flies before;
And on through the city that warning it thrills,
“Run to the hills! Run to the hills!”

“Run to the hills! Run to the hills!”
Faces it blanches and pulses it stills!
As the mountainous wave, resistless and wide,
Pours over the city its merciless tide,
And the seething, surging, angry flood,
Tearing through iron and stone and wood,
Roaring and raging, onward sweeps,
Piling the dead in horrible heaps,
Grasping the horse and his rider brave,
Dragging them under its pitiless wave;
While o'er the mad waters that warning it thrills,
“Run to the hills! Run to the hills!”

“Run to the hills! Run to the hills!”
This was the greatest of latter-day ills!
Thousands of souls swept away to their death;
Millions in property gone at a breath,
The blackness of woe overshadows the place,
And mourning and sorrow are seen on each face,
Would they had paid to that warning more heed!
Would we could honor the man for his deed!
But deaf is he now to all honor and fame,
'Tis even denied us to cherish his name.
Brave, unknown rider! Still his cry thrills,
“Run to the hills! Run to the hills!”



Δ^{α}



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

Preservation Technologies
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